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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

the Great Train Robbery

Saturday, June 27, a super-pop festival, bought to you by McLean-Hunter's, was held in Toronto. Prices were the highest ever, charging \$14 advance and \$16 at the door for the privilege of spending one afternoon sitting in the sun and salivating over some rock and roll group inside a stadium in downtown Toronto. A large group of people weren't about to put up with the shit that the owners of Eatons were laying on the music freaks, and a gate crashing party was organized.

The response of the promoters in defense of their enterprise was unbelievable.

Gillespie Puck, the festival began when somebody pulled aside a turnstile and for the next minute and a half everybody ran over the shit turn things, the useless pinkertons disappeared, and as would happen all afternoon only the Toronto (300) motherfuckers (POLICE) held their ground whacking into kids, manhandling them, and acting as if they were protecting the last glass of dirty water in the world. Some three or four thousand freaks then circled the stadium; how those freaks kept rushing and charging until the motherfuckers on their horses had sent two girls to unconscious oblivion and how some thirty or forty freaks were arrested with hundreds of dollars in bails over their heads; and how three motherfuckers were de-horsed after they got some big boulders in the face and weren't riding into anybody anymore and of how violent this whole damn thing had gotten.

Those inside, numbering 15,000, bathing in the sun and enjoying the music, were kept ignorant of the struggle outside by the announcer, an advertising man from Macleans, who reported nothing of the battle and told everyone to dig the show. Yet, maybe some of the salivating boppers could have an inkling of what was going down when they saw the stadium patrolled by armed, uniformed, Toronto POLICE.

The one person who tried to tell the people what was happening was arrested on his way to the microphone, dragged off stage, beaten and charged with assault and causing a disturbance. Before going on stage he conversed with Doug Pringle who agreed that it would be a long struggle would really be ours, and yes, everything should be free, not only concerts, but everything, but the struggle would take time and we would have to be patient till then.

But meanwhile, the struggle was going on outside the stadium. Two thousand people mangled to hear their music free. Yet dig the conditions. A stadium, in the middle of a city, most people paying rip-off prices, produced by people who don't even claim to be our brothers, POLICE patrolling, plastic food concession stands. Is this our culture or are we being ripped off for everything we have. And for how long can this continue before we are no longer an alternative culture, but absorbed, assimilated and destroyed by the mass culture.

One for free

Because of all the shit at the Great Train Robbery, we cleaned our diapers and the Lake Side Free Festival began to happen in Coronation Park beside the C.N.E. Everything here was different from the beginning. The few people who got together the resources, offered them for free. The sound system came for free, somebody had gotten two flat wagons from somewhere for the stage, and a lot of freaks put in their arms to get things rolling. Everybody there was part of the outside world while at the same time being at the free festival. We were earth people so we tried to clean the place up, and during the two days of the festival free oatmeal plus fifty pounds of peanut butter and bread kept many of us on earth. On Saturday Ian and Sylvia sang a few of their songs along with the Grateful Dead, January, and James and the Good Bros. On Sunday, while every-



Quebécois dans la rue

July 1. The English holiday. All of Canada was given independence. Except Québec. July 1. Québécois, dans la rue.

It was peaceful. The scene. A few hundred at La Fontaine park. Pickets, Québec libre. Quiet, smiling. The march begins. The bullhorn says you can't march like that. C'est bullshit. We march on. Celebrating our repression on Dominion day. We turn down the first street, heading downtown, walking easy, smiling. Looking down the hill. They slide like grease out of alleys. A row of POLICE waiting with clubs. Hanging. And up the hill, sudden the same. Trapped. Les rues pour les personnes. They close in and the trap breaks sudden. We escape, Sherbrooke Street again. Québec aux Québécois. The dash, now we're running down the next street downtown is what we want. Down the next street and those motorcycles with the little side cars suddenly carrying over the curbs, leaping out of the sides. Our picket sticks defense, smashed, whipped against, club up against the head alley trapped. Over the wall.

Québécois dans la rue. The streets are empty. Still going downtown. A side track. A Cadillac tries to run me down. Spit flies. I'm in a pig car. He can't believe I speak English. Neither can I.

St. Catherine Street empty still. A few people on promenades. Walk further. St. Laurent. Everyone drunk, whoring. And more. Each step more POLICE. Every street barricaded. Fences and POLICE. Walk further. Two busloads of POLICE on Place Des Arts grass. Bluey Street barricaded. Lined across by POLICE. Big fence in the middle of the street. Paddy wagon. Québecois dans la rue. I am alone. Passing through the border to Germany.

Further west. No people. No life. POLICE. Four in a car. Four in a car, driving slow. Looking. Real careful. Dialing their phones. Far enough. Turn

body sat in the sun, passed around their dope, rapped, got soaked under the hose, everybody besides everybody danced, waltzed, jugged and stayed together to the sound of Mountain, Delaney and Bonnie, The Grateful Dead and local groups.

The Free Festival gave the liberators a chance to breathe their own.

The big profiteering promoterized jerk-off festivals aren't festivals at all, they're simply hype money rip-offs. They take us back to the same consumer poison we've lived with for years. We consume food prepared the way some production companies find it profitable. We consume jus-

around and heil salute across the borders. Stare. Alone and wonder where I am. The fluer de-lis appear. Marching on someone's staff. Québecois dans la rue. I am not French. I can hardly mutter a few words in what feels like a strange tongue. Au-tu un cigarette, mon frere. We struggle together, brothers. Products of different cultures. Oppressed by the same. Suddenly we are many before an iron wall. Québec libre.

The crowd gathers. And looks. At fenced off downtown and 500 POLICE, ready for riot. And those motorcycles. Push back. Push. Dans la rue. The streets are for the people. Clubbed back to St Laurent. Everyone, drunks, tourists, wanderers, cleared off the street. Shoved. Clubbed. St. Laurent. The motorcycles on the curbs. Circled around in all directions. And charge. Disperse, disperse. Clubs, cops on the curbs, flying shit. Dashing, ducking. And circle around. Back to Bluey.

Québécois dans la rue. Again they charge. And back to St. Laurent. And circle around. All night. Running, dashing, ducking. They don't need to arrest more. Attack again. Sprinting through Place Des Arts, those motorcycles scaling the wooden stairs, on our heels. Pause for a breath. Twelve people get together to trash Westmount. They can't tire us. They can't kill us. Spirit. On and on through the night.

No windows were smashed. No damage was done. Unless you consider the dropping of a mask, damage. Damage to a few people's fantasies, a POLICE state, Prague, Budapest, Santa Barbara, Berkeley. Waiting for tanks coming over the hill in a free country. And the damage to a few shoppers and drunks being put against windows and told to get off the streets. The damage of a fascist state dropping its pretext of democracy. There was nothing broken. In the morning the garbage collector came and swept away the shattered fragments of an illusion. Québecois dans la rue. The war goes on. Tout pouvoir pour les personnes.

tice by digesting laws written down by someone who writes them for someone else. We consume knowledge through the eyes of teachers of a certain truth, etc. As far as the Trans continental festival in Toronto went, the same applied when we were supposed to sit in front of a line of fifty fatherfuckers and groove on something because of some super-hype sexuality kick fifty feet up in the air, or some illusory mind expanding musicological cloud passing through our poetic slot boxes of imagination with very little help from anybody, so what's the point.

The Montreal 6

On Monday, June 22, Police proudly announced the arrest of eight people, supposedly responsible for the wave of bombings in Montreal during the last month. Within twenty four hours the Police were stumbling in their own confusion and disorder.

It was first announced that eight were arrested in a cabin outside a resort town up north. Then it became obvious that six were arrested in the cabin and two were arrested later while driving down Maisonneuve in Montréal. Then two were released and their numbers were down to six. It goes without saying that none of them could contact a lawyer for twenty four hours.

As the headlines blared "Bombers Nabbed", it soon came to light that none of them were arrested for bombing, but were merely picked up under the provisions of the Fire Investigation Act, a bill passed by the Québec National Assembly in 1968. Under the law, the Fire Commissioner, presently Mr. Delange, can arrest anyone, without charge, who will, in the commissioner's opinion, not appear

voluntarily at such an inquiry. In other words, they were called in for questioning.

But questioning under the Fire Investigation Act is apparently more than routine. The six were then ordered to testify, although anything they said would obviously be held against them. Two of them, Miss Maude Martin, and Mrs. Andre Roy, were released after testifying. The other four Andre Roy, Pierre Carrier, Claude Moreney and François Lanctot, taking their "right" not to testify were sentenced to jail for contempt. And finally with the suspects safely behind bars, Fire Commissioner Delange suspended the investigation, acting as if the incarceration of the suspects was all the inquiry needed to know.

The recent inquiry is another triumph of provincial injustice. Nothing has been learned, nothing changed. Four people are behind bars. A public has been prejudiced to believe that these are the people responsible for the wave of bombings in Montréal, making any fair trial impossible. They have been judged guilty, to be tried later.

FREE THE MONTREAL 6.



Food Co-op

An alternative method of running a food co-op has been presented. It comes under a scheme known as the Community Development Plan. Under the plan, there will be a membership fee of \$2.00 a month and this bread will be used to support a food-co-op, bail funds, crash pads and other community needs, as decided by the community at a mass meeting.

This is dangerous. The idea that the food co-op will run smoothly and all these other things will happen is really good. But the idea of supporting this by regular dues is frightening. What this plan develops is not a co-op, but a union, and there is only one direction that a union can grow. A co-op run thusly will require a storefront, paid workers, etc. that means continual overhead and therefore continual dues. And there will need to be a management and a membership--a bureaucracy. The question is really whether we're setting up an institution of alternative culture or a hip teamsters union. People are panhandling to buy food from the food co-op and their order often totals \$2.00, the same as the membership dues, without which they can get no food.

There is an alternative method of fund raising. Most of the people behind this scheme can afford \$2.00 a month, or even more. Many people around town can work or deal for a lot more bread than they really need. Instead of using the bread they save at the co-op to buy a new car, a contribution could be made to support this.

(Of course one of the reasons these community projects never seem to work is that we English suffer from the conceited belief that we are the community. Institutions we establish are merely substitutes of a hip brand of cultural imperialism for bourgeois cultural imperialism.)

But if we truly are an alternative culture we should be seeking alternative means of support and not creating an institution we know from the past to be rigid, bureaucratic and which essentially creates distrust and suspicion among members.

From each according to his means,
To each according to his needs.

The food co-op still continues to operate, growing smoother and more efficient weekly, as its proprietors become sadder and more insane daily. An ever-expanding variety of whole grains, dried fruits and other tasty treats are available. All orders must still be prepaid. Located at 4055 St. Laurent.

The following is a partial listing of foods:

Brown Rice.....170/lb
Cracked Wheat.....150/lb
Whole Wheat Flour...150/lb
Pure Peanut Butter...450/lb
Cashews.....450/lb
Currants.....300/lb
Honey.....\$1.40/4 lb can

A complete list is available at the food co-op.



bookstore bust

On the Friday night of July 3, the combined forces of the Montréal "anti-terrorist" squad, busted the premises of a bookstore on 350 Fairmount Street West, which sells Soviet and Chinese Communist literature.

The pigs on entering the premises all legal-like with warrant and guns, supposedly looking for dynamite, immediately began tearing up the place and dismantling books and magazines from their shelves.

When the pigs attempted to kidnap the proprietor, and he refused to go, they immediately began beating on him. Brothers and sisters at once jumped to his side in his defense. A full scale "brawl" broke out. Four pigs drew their guns. After the battle, 21 customers, workers of the bookstore, and friends, were taken into custody but not before having their heads smashed one by one against the paddywagon before being put into it. They were booked on such charges as assault and obstructing Police in the course of their duty.

Dope

GRASS----Lots of freaks have gotten burnt on fake grass, so smoke it before you buy off all rip-offs and burns. All kinds of names but from Amerika: good--not fantastic.

Street ounces or lids--\$20 but only weigh 14-17 grams (or 1/2 oz), no great quantity in weed.

HASH----Types: Afghanistan, African (black hashes) weigh heavy so a 1/2 oz is just about like a dime of Lebanese. Very moist, but good hash. Lebanese brown and blonde: outasight. Only available in dimes and 1/2 oz. Beware if crumbly or smells musty--it's most likely golden rod, camel shit, or compressed grass. One good way to tell if it won't stay lit.

MESCALINE----Organic mesc and psilocybin in \$5 caps--brown, outa-fucking sight. Going for \$2.50 or \$3.00 a cap. Blows your brains out but heavy stomach stuff.

ACID----Horse trunks and dex & acid running around. 1/2 caps of pure acid and coke cut with icing sugar. Orange acid--heavy and good. No rat poison or speed. White blotters--really good-heavy hallucinations.

THC----Real costs about \$15, so ones being sold for \$3 are horse trunks.

LEGAL STONE----Any hardware store that sells HEAVENLY BLUE Morning Glory seeds. Make sure they're not treated with THYRAM, (if it is it will be noted on the package) 6 packs or about 200 seeds will blow your head.

two scenes

Montréal is unique for having two head scenes - one French and the other English. However, neither scene is exempt from perpetual pig hassles. In St. Louis Square, a long time French hangout, plainclothes-pigs and uniformed Police snoop about the area. The common scene is for the Police to tell the freaks to sit on the benches and then bust them for doing so. In two days fifteen people got hustled and/or beaten.

In Atwater Park, on the other side of town and an English scene, tactics are more open. Pigs come in with a paddywagon, clear the park and haul in a dozen people at a time. Charges are ridiculous: vagrancy, loitering, obstructing traffic, disturbing the peace. People are told to sit on the statue and then busted for doing so. The standard treatment is to throw the freaks in jail and fine them \$10 dollars before releasing them or allowing them to contact anyone.

Two scenes. One injustice. Hot time in the town. The parks are for the people. But the pigs are in the park. So dig it.

Hitch-hikers Blues

I'm getting really pissed off at some of my brothers, middle of the highway, suburb town. Three hours throwing rocks at every window speeding buy, fucking hot out here, shit that motherfucker's got hair like mine.

Sometimes ago I used to think there was a change coming--a real one--and a world was growing where we would all be brothers and sisters. You know what brothers and sisters means, fat-ass in your car, bell-bottoms, sandals on the gas pedal. You know what change means, mother fucker?

It may sound like a cliché by now, but if you ain't part of the solution you're part of the problem. And the problem isn't only some construction worker whistling at your ass, but its the whole industrial-corporate-monetary-fascist-repressive-chauvanistic-imperialistic-genocidal-exploitive power structure and the solution is that it's all gotta change, radically and now. And the solution is your being an energy of that change and living like you know something better be altered radically. And the solution is you. And if you're part of the problem brother, we're gonna change you.

To a lot of people this type of thinking is very negative. But I can still see a few things I would call positive--a joint a piece of earth and the ecstatic union of people being together. But if you hand me a flower because you're my sister and I am your brother and you love me as I love you, you better be aware that the flower you hold may be the last you'll be able to pick for a long time and the supply of dope gets less as everybody gets busted and 300,000 brothers and sisters are dying in jails and Bobby Seale's my brother and Erika Huggins my sister and they're behind bars and I hope you love them as much as you love me. I love you so, I'm thinking by the highway, but I know we're not free, not until all the people I love are, and I know we ain't got much time and if we don't do something now then there ain't gonna be no one left to love and no planet left to love upon.

what we really want is an environment that works so well that we can run wild in it

I. POPULATION THE CONDITION

Position: Man is but a part of the fabric of life--dependent on the whole fabric for his very existence. As the most highly developed tool-using animal, he must recognize that the unknown evolutionary destinies of other life forms are to be respected, and act as gentle steward of the earth's community of being.

Situation: There are now too many human beings, and the problem is growing rapidly worse. It is potentially disastrous not only for the human race but for most other life forms.

Goal: The goal would be half of the present world population, or less.

ACTION

Social/Political: First, a massive effort to convince the governments and leaders of the world that the problem is severe. And that all talk about raising food-production--well intentioned as it is--simply puts off the only real solution: reduce population. Demand immediate participation by all countries in programs to legalize abortion, encourage vasectomy and sterilization (provided by free clinics)--try to correct traditional cultural attitudes that regard to force woman into childbearing--remove income tax deductions for more than two children above a specified income level, and scale it so that lower income families are forced to be careful too--or pay families to limit their number. Take a vigorous stand against the policy of the right-wing in the Catholic hierarchy and any other institutions that exercise an irresponsible social force in regard to this question; oppose and correct simple-minded boosterism that equates population growth with continuing prosperity. Work ceaselessly to have all political questions be seen in the light of this prime problem.

The community: Explore other social structures and marriage forms, such as group marriage and polyandrous marriage, which provide family life but may produce less children. Share the pleasure of raising children widely, so that all need not directly reproduce to enter into this basic human experience. We must hope that no one woman would give birth to more than one child, during this period of crisis. Adopt children. Let reverence for life and reverence for the feminine mean also a reverence for other species, and future human lives, most of which are threatened.

Our own heads: "I am a child of all life, and all living beings are my brothers and sisters, my children and grandchildren. And there is a child within me waiting to be brought to birth, the baby of a new and wiser self." Love, lovenaking, a man and woman together, seen as the vehicle of mutual realization, where the creation of new selves and a new world of being is as important as reproducing our kind.

II. POLLUTION THE CONDITION

Position: Pollution is of two types. One sort results from an excess of some fairly ordinary substance--smoke, or solid waste--which cannot be absorbed or transmuted rapidly enough to offset its introduction into the environment, thus causing changes the great cycle is not prepared for. (All organisms have wastes and by-products, and these are indeed part of the total biosphere; energy is passed along the line and refracted in various ways, "the rainbow body." This is cycling, not pollution.) The other sort is powerful modern chemicals and poisons, products of recent technology, which the biosphere is totally unprepared for. Such is DDT and similar chlorinated hydrocarbons--nuclear testing fallout and nuclear waste--poison gas, germ and virus storage and leakage by the military; and chemicals which are put into food, whose long-range effects on human beings have not been properly tested.

Situation: The human race in the last century has allowed its production and scattering of wastes, by-products, and various chemicals to become excessive. Pollution is directly harming life on the planet; which is to say, ruining the environment for humanity itself. We are fouling our air and water, and living in noise and filth that no "animal" would tolerate, while advertising and politicians try to tell us "we've never had it so good." The dependence of the modern governments on this kind of untruth leads to shameful mind-pollution: mass media and most school education.

Goal: Clean air, clean clear-running rivers, the presence of Pelican and Osprey and Gray Whale in our lives; salmon and trout in our streams; unsmudged language and good dreams.

ACTION

Social/political: Effective international legislation banning DDT and related poisons--with no fooling around. The collusion of certain scientists with the pesticide industry and agri-business in trying to block this legislation must be brought out in the open. Strong penalties for water and air pollution by industries--"Pollution is somebody's profit." Phase out the internal combustion engine and fossil fuel use in general--more research into non-polluting energy sources; solar energy; the tides. No more kidding the public about atomic waste disposal: it's impossible to do it safely, and nuclear-power generated electricity cannot be seriously planned for as it stands now. Stop all germ and chemical warfare research and experimentation; work toward a hopefully safe disposal of the present staggering and stupid

stockpiles of H-Bombs, cobalt gunk, germ and poison tanks and cans. Laws and sanctions against wasteful use of paper etc. which adds to the solid waste of cities--develop methods of re-cycling solid urban waste. Re-cycling should be the basic principle behind all waste-disposal thinking. Thus, all bottles should be re-usable; old cans should make more cans; old newspapers back into newspaper again. Stronger controls and research on chemicals in foods. A shift toward a more varied and sensitive type of agriculture (more small scale and subsistence farming) would eliminate much of the call for blanket use of pesticides.

The community: DDT and such: don't use them. Air pollution: use less cars. Cars pollute the air, and one or two people riding lonely in a huge car is an insult to intelligence and the Earth. Share rides, legalize hitch-hiking, and build hitch-hiker waiting stations along the highways. Also--a step toward the new world--walk more; look for the best routes through beautiful countryside for long-distance walking trips: San Francisco to Los Angeles down the Coast Range, for example. Learn how to use your own manure as fertilizer if you're in the country--as the far East has done for centuries. There's a way, and it's safe. Solid waste: boycott bulky wasteful Sunday papers which use up trees. It's all just advertising anyway, which is artificially inducing more mindless consumption. Refuse paper bags at the store. Organize Park and Street clean-up festivals. Don't work in any way for or with an industry which pollutes, and don't be drafted into the military. Don't waste. (A monk and an old master were once walking in the mountains. They noticed a little hut upstream. The monk said, "A wise hermit must live there." The master said, "That's no wise hermit, you see that lettuce leaf floating down the stream. he's a Waster." Just then an old man came running down the hill with his beard flying and caught the floating lettuce leaf.) Carry your own jug to the well and have it filled from the barrel.

Our own heads: Part of the trouble with talking about DDT is that the use of it is not just a practical device, it's almost an establishment religion. There is something in western culture that wants to totally wipe out creepy-crawlies, and feels repugnance for toadstools and snakes. This is fear of one's own deepest natural inner-self wilderness areas, and the answer is, relax. Relax around bugs, snakes, and your own hairy dreams. Again, farmers can and should share their crop with a certain percentage of buglife as "paying their dues." Thoreau says "How then can the harvest fail? Shall I not rejoice also at the abundance of the weeds whose seeds are the granary of the birds? It matters little comparatively whether the fields fill the farmer's barns. The true husbandman will cease from anxiety, as the squirrel manifest no concern whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with every day, relinquish all claim to the produce of his fields, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but his last fruits also." In the realm of thought, inner experience, consciousness, as in the outward realm of interconnection, there is a difference between balanced cycle, and the excess which cannot be handled. When the balance is right, the mind recycles from highest illuminations to the stillness of dreamless sleep; the alchemical "transmutation."

III. CONSUMPTION THE CONDITION

Position: Everything that lives eats food, and is food in turn. This complicated animal, man, rests on a vast and delicate pyramid of energy-transformations. To grossly use more than you need to destroy, is biologically unsound. Most of the production and consumption of modern societies is not necessary or conducive to spiritual and cultural growth, let alone survival; and is behind much greed and envy, age-old causes of social and international discord.

Situation: Man's careless use of "resources" and his total dependence on certain substances such as fossil fuels, (which are being exhausted, slowly but certainly) are having harmful effects on all the other members of the life-network. The complexity of modern technology renders whole populations vulnerable to the deadly consequences of the loss of any one key resource. Instead of independence we have over-dependence on life-giving substances such as water, which we squander. Many species of animals and birds have become extinct in the service of fashion fads--or fertilizer--or industrial oil--the soil is being used up; in fact mankind has become a locust-like blight on the planet that will leave a bare cupboard for its own children--all the while in a kind of Addict's Dream of affluence, comfort, eternal progress--using the great achievements of science to produce software and swill.

ACTION

Social/political: It must be demonstrated ceaselessly that a continually "growing economy" is no longer healthy, but a Cancer. And that the criminal waste which is allowed in the name of competition--especially that ultimate in wasteful needless competition, hot wars and cold wars with "communism" (or capitalism)--must be halted totally with ferocious energy and decision. Economics must be seen as a small sub-branch of Ecology, and production/distribution/consumption handled by companies or unions with the same elegance and spareness one sees in nature. Soil banks; open space; phase out logging in most areas. "Lightweight dome and honeycomb structures in line with the architectural principles of nature." We shouldn't use wood for housing because trees are too important. "Protection for all predators and varmints." "Support your right to arm bears." Damn the International Whaling Commission which is selling out the last of our precious, wise whales! Absolutely no further development of roads and concessions in National Parks and Wilderness Areas; build auto campgrounds in the least desirable areas. Plan consumer boycotts in response to dishonest and unnecessary products. Radical Co-ops. Politically, blast both "Communist" and "Capitalist" myths of progress, and all crude notions of conquering or controlling nature.

The community: Sharing and creating. The inherent aptness of communal life--where large tools are owned jointly and used efficiently. The power of renunciation: If enough Americans refused to buy a new car for one given year it would permanently alter the American economy. Recycling clothes and equipment. Support handicrafts--gardening, home skills, midwifery, herbs--all the things that can make us independent, beautiful and whole. Learn to break the habit of unnecessary possessions--a monkey on everybody's back--but avoid a self-abnegating antijoyous self-righteousness. Simplicity is light, carefree, neat and loving--not a self-punishing ascetic trip. (The great Chinese poet Tu Fu said "The ideas of a poet should be noble and simple.") Don't shoot a deer if you don't know how to use all the meat and preserve that which you can't eat, to tan the hide and use the leather--use it all, with gratitude, right

down to the sinew and hooves. Simplicity and mindfulness in diet is a starting point for many people.

Our own heads: It is hard to even begin to gauge how much a complication of possessions, the notions of "my and mine", stand between us and a true, clear, liberated way of seeing the world. To live lightly on the earth, to be aware and alive, to be free of egotism, to be in contact with plants and animals, starts with simple concrete acts. The inner principle is the insight that we are inter-dependent energy-fields of great potential wisdom and compassion--expressed in each person as a superb mind, a handsome and complex body, and the almost magical capacity of language. To these potentials and capacities, "owning things" can add nothing of authenticity. "Clad in the sky, with the earth for a pillow."

IV. TRANSFORMATION

Position: Everyone is the result of four forces--the conditions of this known-universe (matter/energy forms, and ceaseless change); the biology of his species; his individual genetic heritage; and the culture he's born into. Within this web of forces there are certain spaces and loops which allow total freedom and illumination. The gradual exploration of some of these spaces is "evolution" and, for human cultures, what "history" could be. We have it within our deepest powers not only to change our "selves" but to change our culture. If a man is to remain on earth he must transform the five-millenia long urbanizing civilization tradition into a new ecologically-sensitive harmony-oriented wild-minded scientific/spiritual culture. "Wildness is the state of complete awareness. That's why we need it."

Situation: Civilization, which has made us so successful a species, has overshot itself and now threatens us with its inertia. There is some evidence that civilized life isn't good for the human gene pool. To achieve the changes we must change the very foundations of our society and our minds.

Goal: Nothing short of total transformation will do much good. What we envision is a planet on which the human population lives harmoniously and dynamically by employing a sophisticated and unobtrusive technology in a world environment which is "left natural." Specific points in this vision:

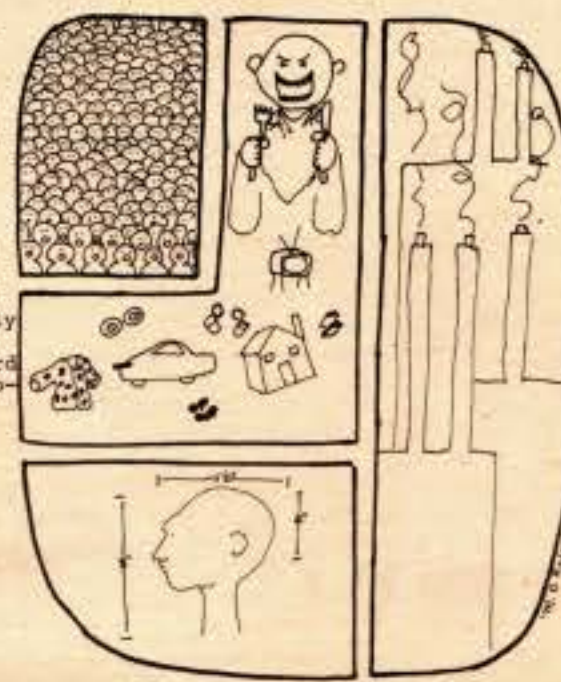
- *A healthy and spare population of all races, much less in number than today.
- *Cultural and individual pluralism, unified by a type of world tribal council. Division by natural and cultural boundaries rather than arbitrary political boundaries.
- *A technology of communication, education, and quiet transportation, land-use being sensitive to the properties of each region. Allowing, thus, the Bison to return to much of the high plains. Careful but intensive agriculture in the great alluvial valleys; deserts left wild for those who would trot in them. Computer technicians who run the plant part of the year and walk along with the Elk in their migrations during the rest.
- *A basic cultural outlook and social organization that inhibits power and property-seeking while encouraging exploration and challenge in things like music, meditation, mathematics, mountaineering, magic, and all other ways of authentic being-in-the-world. Women totally free and equal. A new kind of family--responsible, but more festive and relaxed--is implicit.

ACTION
Social/political: It seems evident that there are throughout the world certain social and religious forces which have worked through history toward an ecologically and culturally enlightened state of affairs. Let these be encouraged: Gnostics, hip Marxists, Teilhard de Chardin Catholics, Druids, Taoists, Biologists, Witches, Yogins, Bhikkus, Quakers, Sufis, Tibetans, Zens, Shamans, Bushmen, Amerikan Indians, Polynesians, Anarchists, Alchemists....the list is long. All primitive cultures, all communal and communal and ashren movements. Such a transformation would ideally be peaceful, but those who have attempted to demonstrate to those now in power exactly what must be done, know the frustrations and impossibilities of a peaceful total transformation. At the same time a "revolution of consciousness" will be necessary, both in our own heads

and in the heads of those in power. We will need to seize the key images and educate them to the ecstasies of life, so that life won't seem worth living unless one is on the transforming energy side.

By taking over "science and technology" and releasing its real possibilities and powers in the service of this planet--which, after all, produced us and it. **Our community:** New schools, new classes, walking in the woods and cleaning up the streets. Find psychological techniques for creating an awareness of "self" which includes the social and natural environment. "Consideration of what specific language forms--symbolic systems--and social institutions constitute obstacles to ecological awareness." Without falling into a facile interpretation of McLuhan, we can hope to use the media. Let no one be ignorant of the facts of biology and related disciplines; bring up our children as part of the wild-life. Some communities can establish themselves in backwater rural areas and flourish--others maintain themselves in urban centers, and the two types work together--a two-way flow of experience, people, money, and home-grown vegetables. Ultimately cities will exist only as joyous tribal gatherings and fairs, to dissolve after a few weeks. Investigating new life-styles is our work, as is the exploration of ways to explore our inner realms--with the known dangers of crashing that go with such. We should work with political-minded people where it helps, hoping to enlarge their vision, and with people of all varieties of politics or thought at whatever point they become aware of environmental urgencies. Master the archaic and the primitive as models of basic nature-related cultures--as well as the most imaginative extensions of science--and build a community where these two vectors cross.

Our own heads: is where it starts. Knowing that we are the first human beings in history to have all of man's culture and previous experience available to our study, and being free enough of the weight of traditional cultures to seek out a larger identity.--The first members of a civilized society since the early Neolithic to wish to look clearly into the eyes of the wild and see our self-hood, our family, there. We have these advantages to set off the obvious disadvantages of being as screwed up as we are--which gives us a fair chance to penetrate into some of the riddles of ourselves and the universe, and to go beyond the idea of "man's survival" or the survival of the biosphere and to draw our strength from the realization that at the heart of things is some kind of serene and ecstatic process which is actually beyond qualities and certainly beyond birth and death. "No need to survive!" "IN the fires that destroy the universe at the end of the kalpa, what survives?"--"The iron tree blooms in the void! Knowing that nothing need be done, is where we begin to move from."



CKGM

CKGM is having troubles. They are asking us for their support in order to continue. Maybe it's time they realize that the media supports the culture, not the other way around.

According to the licensing commission, a radio station is to be controlled by the person the radio is licensed to. At CKGM this is Geoff Sterling, who is anything but a freak. And he is worrying that his station is not popular and needs changing. Recently Doug Storey was suspended for playing a controversial tape. If this management control comes down it will mean no creative programming, no raps, no thought and no music outside the top 40 albums. Which means that CKGM will become like every other FM station in North America, commercial radio.

It's hard to see that as much of a change. From time to time they call themselves community radio, but they are anything but that. The only community that exists in their heads is the people they work with and their farm up north, else their raps could be pertinent to a few more people than those sitting near them. They say that they are trying. But you can't "try" to be a community thing. Either you are part of the scene, and your attitude reflects that, or your own trip. Often they call themselves artists and talk about their free-form radio. Con-artists, maybe. FM stations in the U.S.A. which have to put up with an F.C.C., the media arm of the fascist state are doing far freer things with their radio than CKGM would ever think of. On free form radio, people don't have separate shows. Whoever does it, does it. You come to the station and you don't find a hierarchy and bureaucratic structure, getting free doing what they do. CKGM is now

The interview printed below is a rather objective appraisal of which way the station is stumbling in.



Why has CKGM-FM changed?

Doug Pringle: Because we're getting more and more freedom. Actually we had a lot of freedom about three months ago, but now we're beginning to use it. The main complaint we get about the station is that we don't use the freedom we have.

Meatball Fulton: Right, the only restriction we have is each other. In fact, it's getting so that anybody can do anything, unless it's too outrageous. But then the audience gets back at you. You know.

Who actually runs the place?

Meatball Fulton: We all do; we all come to decisions. Not just the people who have the shows--everybody--anybody who's connected at all. Everyone has an equal vote.

The owner, Geoff Sterling?

Doug Pringle: He has one vote, too. It's bigger than ours, though. But, basically he lets us do whatever we want.

Are you thinking of becoming non-commercial?

M.F.: We talked about this with Geoff when he came down and it seems that it ain't gonna happen. We couldn't see any other way to find the money to keep us going. We suggested that the owner pay but he didn't think that was such a hot idea. . . all he cares about is that the station breaks even. . . he doesn't care about making any bread on it. . . in all honesty. . . our complaint is that we've got ads in there that we don't want. . . what he's done now is allow us to throw out the ads we can't stand. . . 7 UP is an example. . . they paid an agency a lot of bread to do their ads. . . and we said, yukhh no, and we did our own. . . and they said (dictatorial voice) *Everyone across Canada has accepted this except your station. . . and they flipped. . . and they wanted to withdraw. . . so we said Okay, we'll put it on. . . because we were afraid about the money thing. . . but now we've established that if we don't like an ad we don't have to accept it. . . the owner will subsidize us to balance out. . .*

THIS HAS BEEN YOUR UNCOLA UNDERGROUND. PLAY BALL! YOU FREAKS.

Now, what further changes would you like made?

D.P.: I'd like to see the station putting out a much higher vibration. More varied vibrations.

M.F.: A lot more production. Taking some of the energy we're putting into the commercials and putting that effort into separate production of radio series, bits, all sorts of things.

D.P.: Get back to old-time radio.

At its start eight months ago, CKGM-FM was a powerful giant jukebox, spinning out psychedelic music for well over 24 hours a day.

D.P.: But now we want to do radio. If people just want to listen to music--well, everybody with an FM radio has a record player.

M.F.: You see, everybody at the station and this is no bullshit--is an artist. And this is the thing. You can only sit and play records, no matter how you blend them, for a certain length of time before you go berserk. Before you start to become a robot. Plus, I want to see radio as an art form, not as a business venture.

D.P.: For the listener, a giant jukebox is very easy because you can just sit back, give nothing of yourself, and be entertained. Radio that is more than a record player is more demanding of the audience. The listener has to give something of himself to relate to the person on the air as a person. I know that a lot of the audience isn't prepared to give; they simply want to take. M.F.: Yeah, but you've got to give them what they need regardless of whether they want it. (Mind if I put that in?) Don't forget to put in the laughter afterwards.

RIGHT.

a foot in the door. We are in need of a radio station that serves us, not the record industry or some broadcaster's ego. But with the people running the station now, such a change seems impossible. From time to time they hit right on, but considering the percentage, that must be totally by accident. I wonder if they actually care about what they're doing. When you're into transcendental meditation, you're not supposed to be involved in, or concerned about what you're doing. And you can't run a radio station like that.

At one time we thought these people were our brothers and although not by the same method, still were struggling for the same freedom. Then I hear them say on the air, "The revolution is over. We've won."

Last week, we attempted to turn CKGM from the cultural hype that it is, into a community show; a format that would be truly free-form spontaneous creation. We failed. It has now been decided that the community will be permitted to submit tapes to the station, for approval. Tapes. Everything canned, packaged and sterilized, then shown to the public. Non spontaneity, no life, no people. After our show, probably the first time anything alive happened at CKGM, we were told, "Good show. Now give us back our radio station."

But it is not your radio station, just as it isn't your music or your culture. And we're not about to give it back. We will see you again CKGM, there are many of us. Lyndon Johnson once said, "I'm the only president you've got." We cannot support CKGM.

If the station becomes more of a personalized art form, aren't you getting away from the concept of community radio?

D.P.: Oh no. Hopefully, that's what community radio will be. Hopefully, the people in the community will be creative and not zombies. (Programming now includes the regular airing of local groups and folksingers, reports from the community switchboard, and interviews with local people involved in theater, handicrafts, festivals, and community projects of all types.)

M.F.: It's essentially an information thing, too. The music is always the most important part. That's the basis. But we're saying that with the music, allow something different. You appreciate a piece of music more when you have something in between now and then. Instead of record after record after record--it drives you nuts, especially when you're around it all the time. I know kids turn it on in the morning and it goes all through the night. That's a weird way of listening to the radio. They shouldn't hear that music that much. (Please note that laughter followed this comment.)

M.F.: So we've got to help them. And talk to them.

D.P.: Tom is basically an old-fashioned knight in white armor.

Pat Henderson: Tom is basically a dictator.

The people at CKGM-FM are trying to rediscover what radio is or was and hoping to take it beyond that. And why not? By the way, that name for the station will be no more. The call letters will be changed soon. Send in your suggestion for new call letters. Geoff Sterling will award the winner a brand new radio station.

D.P.: You also find that a lot of the audience just can't take a joke. You should have heard the calls we got from people who got pissed when--See, Greg and I were doing the night show and we put on Johnny Winter. When we went into the production room, it got stuck in the middle on "I'm lost" and it played that for about eight minutes.

I'm lost. . . I'm lost. . . I'm lost
. . . I'm lost. . . I'm lost. . . I'm lost. . . I'm lost. . . I'm lost.

(Right on!)



POLITICAL PRISONER

If you happened to have inhabited the McGill campus "bowl" last summer past, in and around the middle of August, then you might have had the opportunity to have met or ran to one of the most dedicated and committed revolutionary and anarchistic husband-wife teams that has ever stormed the island of Montréal. That team was separated and never to conspire again, when in the last week of August, Alan Bruce Henderson, or "mad Bruce", as he was affectionately called by his fellow revolutionaries, was brutally and savagely attacked and kidnapped from the streets of Montréal by 6 large pigs. He has been rotting ever since then, deep in the bowels of Bordeaux Provincial Jail, without pending trial or without a lawyer. His wife Coeey wasn't as lucky. After numerous attempts at liberating her husband, with the help of a lawyer who latter copped out because Coeey was unable to pay for his services, she herself was kidnapped off the streets of Montréal in October. She was kept a prisoner, without trial or lawyer, in Tanguay Women's Prison, until her mysterious death on January 25, 1970. Tanguay Jail authorities would not elaborate on the cause of her death.

Before I go on, I would like to make a few short remarks on the history of the political prisoner.

The political prisoner, all thru history, has been kidnapped, beaten, murdered, framed, railroaded; jailed whenever the masses of the oppressed peoples of the world arise to threaten the criminals of oppression. The oppressed peoples are then temporarily stifled in their gallant struggles when these individuals are jailed; individuals of whom the oppressors believe to have outstanding leadership qualities which might appeal to the oppressed peoples and which threaten the oppressors very own exploitive existence. In short, political prisoners are the scapegoats for the ills of the system, therefore by eliminating them, the status quo is retained.

Examples of political prisoners in our time range from: S.D.S.'s Jane Alpert, Sam Melville, and David Huhey; John Sinclair of the White Panther Party, jailed for life after he layed two joints on an undercover federal pig; the Black Panther Party's Bobby Seale and Huey Newton; Amerikan anarchists of the 20's, Sacco and Vanzetti, who were murdered in Boston, Mass., on the framed-up charges of armed robbery and murder; Louis Riel, freedom-fighter in the 1860's for the Kanadian Metis Indian tribe, who was hung for trying to free his people from the English exploiters; Montréal's very own Pierre-Paul Geoffrey, convicted bomber and "terrorist" and Vallieres and Gagnon; Timothy Leary, who may sit in a Santa Barbara jail cell for the rest of his life for possession of marijuuana; the many students and intellectuals of South Vietnam, who have been jailed without trial in dissention to the dictatorial regime of their country; the many people who have been jailed in defiance of the imperialistic ways of the Russian bear; the countless un-called for victims of the so-called Chinese "cultural revolution"; and the thousands of other political prisoners who are now in prison without pending trial or ransom around the world and the many others to come.

Alan Bruce Henderson and Coeey, like most revolutionaries, started out with the belief that the system could be best changed thru non-violent dissention and protest and the best system would be that of a liberal democratic society. Obviously, they and others were wrong. Bruce and Coeey took part in hundreds of civil rights protest marches in the early 60's along with thousands of other brothers and sisters. All that they and the many others got out of their efforts were smashed skulls, weeks spent in jail, constant humiliation and harassment - often being called nigger by pigs and honkies alike - and various other forms of human degradation.

Bruce and Coeey eventually ended up in Montréal in late July last year. In their short stay on the Montréal McGill campus "scene", Bruce and Coeey staged numerous revolutionary enlightening guerilla-theatre teach-ins on the art of violent revolution. Such topics of discussion were: the manufacture and use of volatile bombs, various self-defence courses, the most effective ways of eliminating Political pigs - Drapeau, Trudeau, Daley, Nixon, etc., and any other ideas that would best suit the purpose of the violent overthrow of the exploitive governments of the world. Bruce and Coeey were by no means of a Victorian stock. They often brought their fucking into the parks, much to the shock and horror of the campus Police and virtuous John Birch hippies.

But Bruce and Coeey are no longer with us. Bruce is locked away like a common animal in the dungeons of Bordeaux Prison. Coeey is dead. But Bruce's revolutionary fervour still continues. Word has gotten out that many prison guard pigs have suffered vicious beatings at the hands of our "mad Bruce". There's something that these motherfuckers are soon going to realize - YOU CAN JAIL A REVOLUTIONARY, BUT YOU CANNOT JAIL A REVOLUTION!!!



Sure the ecology "movement" was co-opted by liberal school-teachers who encouraged their students to clean up the garbage in the neighborhoods while five blocks away from the school was a steel plant, but the facts are still there, and even if there is no movement left, for the next ten years, there still is a planet.

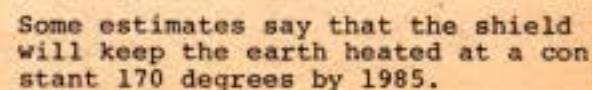
The following is a very incomplete list of facts:

It is already known that strains of "pests" have evolved that are immune to DDT and our other potent pesticides. As DDT kills not only the pest, but its natural enemies as well, within the next ten years entire crops will be devoured by insects as they reproduce rapidly in an environment lacking their natural checks.

By 1973, fish like salmon, that go upstream to spawn will be nearing extinction. Their breeding grounds will be so polluted that their intense homing instincts will be the cause of mass suicides. At the same time, the concentration of DDT, oil and other wastes around the coastal regions will cause the weaker, coastal sea life to die off. Meanwhile the concentration of DDT in the ocean will become so great as to kill off much of the deep sea fish. Hence, at this time starvation will increase drastically--with perhaps fifty million starving to death each year.

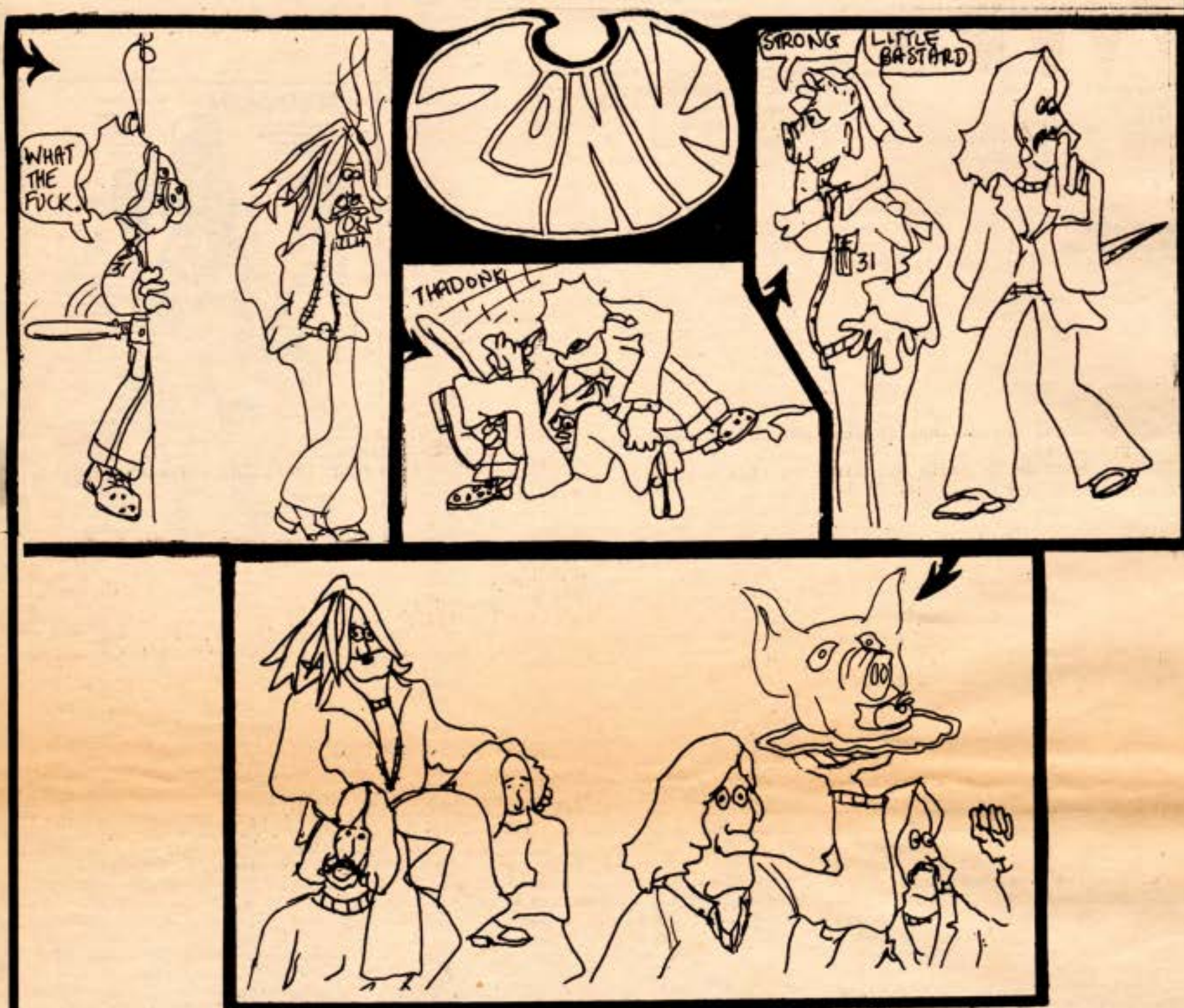
The effect of this drop of oxygen will be felt most seriously in the cities, where air pollution is reaching a crisis point. By 1975, gas masks will be a part of standard attire in many cities. By then the concentration of carbon sulphur and mercury in the air will be so intense to cause mass choking in the streets. The city of Athens, Greece has reported that it is facing extinction by the year 1980.

The effect of carbon on atmospheric conditions is perhaps most serious. The carbon will create a heat shield around the planet--absorbing heat from the sun and storing it. Heat rising from the earth's surface that usually travels into the upper atmosphere will also be absorbed by the carbon particles. The effect will be like living in a greenhouse. There will be a rapid rise in the earth's temperature--something already noticeable now.



We've learned that the system will absorb anything, even to being told if they don't act now, the planet will be dead in ten years. Ecology has become safe enough for President Nixon to encourage students to march for clean air and Gov. Rockefeller and other industrialists to join in walking. They're not about to install filters on their factories and general motors won't build an electric company and the advertising companies won't stop telling everybody that they need all this. The nature of the system is that it upsets the ecological balance of the earth and we can't stop the pollution without stopping the industry without stopping the bombing without stopping the repression. We gotta burn it down, shut it down, bring it to a halt, NOW.





peoples justice:

A PRIMER IN SELF-DEFENSE

Until recently we've been exempt from a lot of the heavy shit that goes on across the states and in Vancouver and in Calgary--things like being searched and put up against the wall by the man enforcing his law whenever you walk down your street. Things like a complete denial of basic "rights". We can no longer think that it can't happen here, because it is. Bourassa has declared complete war on the terrorists, just as Reagan has declared war upon the demonstrators in California. Drapeau has declared war on the freaks in order to pretty up his city for the tourists.

We know by now that we cannot obtain justice under the pig system. The law in Québec says that you don't have to be told what you are being charged with until you appear in court. People have been held for indefinite periods for suspicion. The supposed rights of silence and permission to contact a lawyer are flagrantly violated. A law now states that you must carry identification, and people have been held for over twenty four hours for failure to do so.

As the man gets more desperate to enforce his law and create the fear necessary for him to do his job, his tactics become more desperate. When you read about a super-pig, like George Demmerle, the informer who busted Sam Melville, a New York bomber, you can really scare. Demmerle was a favorite of the New York underground people, a well known radical heavy who had done organizing for the panthers and lots of heavy street

fighting. Melville, who along with Jane Alpert and David Hughey had blown up nearly 40 buildings in New York City by then, contacted Demmerle and asked for help. He was then busted for planting the bombs and subsequently Alpert and Hughey were arrested. Demmerle did not turn informer; during all of his three years in the New York political scene he was an informer, while living for all appearances as a freak. It meant nothing to him to turn in his brothers.

Infiltration like this is carried out on numerous levels, from the long haired mod squad narc, who causes us to be suspicious of some kid from the suburbs who don't seem hip like we're used to, and is trying to cop some dope, to the "body-guard" of Abbie Hoffman at Chicago, who later appeared to testify against him, to the infiltration of every political group (even the do-nothing Communist party is one third C.I.A.), to pigs like George Demmerle. It's end result, aside from the particular bust is suspicion or paranoia of everyone who you don't know completely.

Such a situation presents a serious problem. We can't go around being afraid of our own shadows and distrusting our brothers and sisters. And we know we can't get busted to be tried by pig justice. Apparently the solution seems to be a certain knowledge of self-defense, and generally the establishment of an intuitive sense of people's justice. For each tactic the pig uses, there is a defense. It lies essentially in being together

ALLO POLICE

John Sinclair, ministre obscène des White Panthers, a été condamné à 10 ans de prison pour avoir donné 2 joints de marijuana à un arriéré sale de l'escouade des narcotiques.

10 ans: plus que le maximum.....

Sinclair est une beauté dangeureuse.

Pour lui, ainsi que pour nous, la sexualité, les crises de nerfs tendres au toucher du corps, doivent se faire dans la rue

en plein jour

devant ceux qui travaillent fourrés par le facisme de leurs préjugés.

Avec de la magie vulgaire, du rock'n roll et de la dope.

Nous sommes tous porteurs d'un sacrement à contempler pour l'ultime libération des astres en nous.

Les barbiers vénériens, les juges catholiques alcooliques nazis, Steinberg et son alimentation de cadavres chimiques tous les orthopédiques et dégénérés qui courent leurs poux dans des frigidaires atomiques, doivent faire place à ceux pour qui le miracle de vivre n'est pas un arrêt d'autobus à 30 sous zéro aliénés jusque dans leurs claques.

La plaza s'égorge dans le bacon
plein de scotch
le bien-être social mange des poodles castrés
pendant que sa vieille bite moisit
dans son sous-vêtement de vison.

La vérité se passe un doigt
explore ses dernières pontes d'ananas
et si tout est calme
appelle la police.

in your head and being together with your people. The man's system deals with people who are against each other, not with brothers and sisters. There are many alternatives.

We can greatly learn from the blacks. Their oppression has the longest history, and, on this continent, have led the struggle against the oppressor. When the Police entered a panther house, they would walk in and find every one armed and licensed to be that way. It was a long time before they were able to bust Bobby Seale and Huey Newton, and by then they had raised a lot of shit. And when the liberals spoke of urban renewal, the blacks in Detroit and Harlem and Watts made their own. This is people's justice; the knowledge that the honky system will not give you a fair shake and if you want it you better make your own.

Largely, our laws of justice are based on our survival. If possible, running is a very excellent alternative to getting busted. And while running, it is a good idea to run into a populated area. If caught, scream pig and bust and whatever else you can. A together community will not allow a brother to be taken away and there are probably more freaks than pigs on hand, wherever you are. The instinct of survival of the self and of the tribe are one and the same.

There is much to be said for being "cool." A bit of paranoia is a lot better than a stay in jail or endlessly shitting in your pants. For a start, it is good to avoid leaving names and addresses lying around. The bust of two brothers in Oakland, Calif., led to the bust of two of their friends in New York, through information found in the Oakland house. A second essential rule, and one that is purely instinctive, is to learn to know and trust your brother. It's a hard sense to develop, but it is possible. The Weathermen, Eldridge Cleaver and Pun Plamondon are still

COME ON

Benzedrine rock devil's bombing comancheros
IT'S TIME TO JUSTIFIE
DROP AND FUCK

Il nous faut tout dynamiter
s'attaquer délibérément aux skunks capitalistes
par tous les moyens
et à tous les niveaux de la création

au nom de tous ceux en proie à l'amour
prêtres homosexuels végétariens
guerilleros mythomanes

on ne peut plus nous canceller et nos baisers sont
transmissions inévitables.

Nous admettrons la culture le jour où une oeuvre d'art
nous fera décharger.

- 1) Le poil et le clitoris en tant qu'instrument d'insubordination tactile
- 2) La vulgarité pour sa pureté et sa bonne odeur
- 3) La connaissance mathématique subversive aux mains des enfants
- 4) La révolution pour la fin du chrysler impérial.

Da Giovanni étampe ses carrés de beurre dans le dos
des niggers québécois et la plote eaton est un camp de
concentration pour les fish-sticks pollués de Radio-Canada.

Khrishna a vendu son déodorant pour une demi-livre
d'enfants straights.

l'argent c'est le vol.

Voler aux riches est un acte sain et sacré.
Les enfants doivent voler l'argent de leurs parents
car c'est pour eux le seul moyen de se libérer de la
vie familiale.
Tout ce qui est en vente dans les grands magasins nous
appartient il ne s'agit que de le reprendre.
L'argent doit être utilisé comme papier à cigarettes
de marijuana.

Thank you Allah pour les racks à viande universitaires
qui se déshonorent à lire Jean-Guy Pilon
pendant que les vrais poètes prennent des aspirines
de dracula incessants.

- denis vanier
French-Canadian White Panthers of Montréal

free, although every cop in Babylon is looking for them. The FLQ avoids infiltration by working in small cells, and only allowing long time friends to work with them. If you're really into heavy shit, such a rule is good. When everybody knows everybody, a cell works as a unit, suspicion is decreased and everyone survives.

There are ways, too, of smelling a pig. Suspicion may be given to people who always have to leave at a specific time, those who have frequent strange appointments to keep, people who get extremely uptight about their private lives, those who for no reason seem to always have bread, whose clothes and conversation don't seem to quite fit, who listen more intensely than speak. Except for the very best plainclothesman, a sensitive nose will show that a pig smells like one.

If you have found one in your midst, what exists now is a problem of survival; he is informing on you and has probably done so on some of your brothers, and it's his ass or yours. But when you trash him, it better be well done. A half-trashed pig will squeal twice as loud as one who was never trashed at all. Make sure he is a pig first; (the trashing of brothers is a situation that the man is trying to create;) then do it.

Of course, the best defense is a powerful offense. The revolutionary will smash whenever and wherever he feel proper. The smashing of a coke machine or pouring sugar in a cop's car (less than a cup full will corrode the gas tank) is as much a blow against the empire, although on a much smaller level, as the bombing of a building. We all gonna have to do what we can, but getting busted for it renders you totally impotent. No one will make you a martyr for it. We need you in the streets.

Love you and see you there.

you are what you eat...

FROM VEGAN ACTION NEWSLETTER NO. 3

THE STRUGGLE WIDENS. We have never regarded veganism as a mere diet but rather as part of a global tapestry for escalating harmlessness; revolutionary Ahimsa. Nothing can be realistically separated and isolated but exists only in its relationship to those other forces, in perpetual motion, it interacts and fuses with.

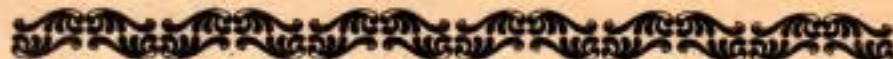
Veganism is therefore an integral part of a total, forever continuing revolutionary impetus to further evolutionary advance. Revolt being as essential and natural as breathing. An organic energy which pulsates and vibrates in harmony with nature and thus conflicts with destructive, death-bestowing SYSTEMS. IT seeks to heal communities ravaged by a technological nightmare; make whole and unify a shattered fragmented humanity; revitalize sick and bankrupt cultures. Destroying and thus transforming a dehumanizing Machine. That suicidal mechanism, fashioned by the authority of power and shaped by the institutionalized, official violence of armies, cops, courts, and jails. A reality Sickness Specter alienated from, abusing, misusing, and murdering the very atmosphere and environment which nurtures and sustains all who exist.

As anarchists, pacifists, vegans, psycho-experimentalists, musicians, poets we have a vision of a unity, a totality of all things. Revolution is multidimensional, operating and functioning within infinite areas simultaneously. History of orthodox violent revolution is history of betrayal and reveals the futility of merely changing leaders, swapping governments, reforming existing power structures. Revolution is a change or shift of individual, and thus universal, consciousness and its activation. Acting on imagination is the true revolution. No leaders, no followers. All One, together.

Anarchist philosophers have shown that cooperation, not competition, is the natural order of things. Natural therapy, organic soil research, food-reform investigations, superior humane scientific techniques, fiber-manufacturing breakthroughs, etc., have exploded those stale myths perpetuating fleshfood and drug industries, medical and butchery complexes, vivisection. Advanced psychiatric findings have illuminated the process patterns of psychosis formations which lead to aggression, hostility, and war. Much is known of the detrimental effects of parental conditioning, school indoctrination, prevailing social taboo. Few are unaware of the propagandist content of mass media.



True revolutions will only be made by peoples when they are ready and prepared. Education and preparation is a necessary prerequisite. Liberation effects within the individual and radiates outward, in an ever widening illumination, until it envelops and engulfs the whole.



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running from the rain

The recorded history of the nations of Indo-China goes back to something of 3000 years before the birth of Christ--even before this time, tribal civilizations, persecuted by the ancient Chinese moved down slowly through Tibet and began settling the fertile lands of the Red and Mekong Rivers. For many years these people lived in peace in tribal kingdoms having very little to do with each other--and in many cases, not even knowing that there were other tribes settled in the same areas.

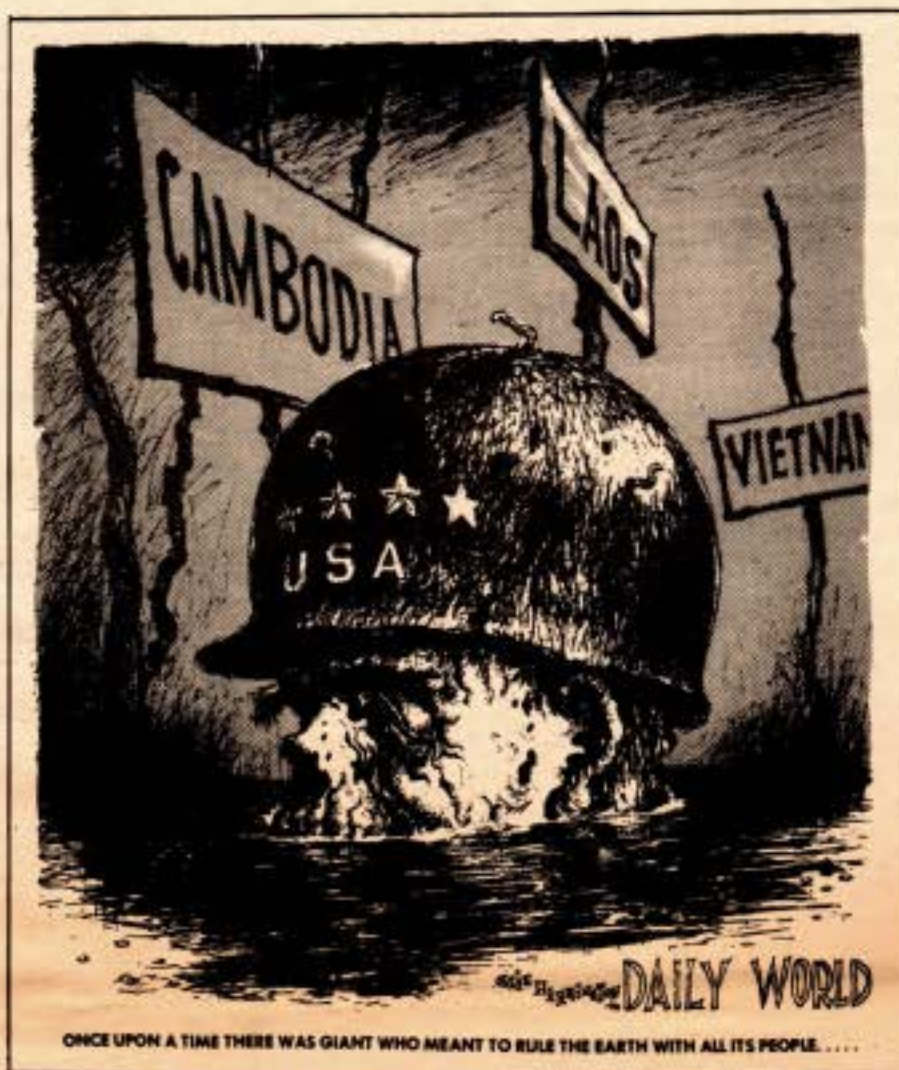
As time passed toward the year 900 BC, the Chinese of the ancient Han Dynasty sent soldiers into the Red River Valley area and began subjugating the tribal cultures there. Thus started a conflict that has never ended in Indo-China. Even though the aggressor has changed many times and taken many faces--the Han Chinese, Kubla Khan, the French, and for the past 12 years, the United States--the people of Indo-China have not known peace for something of 2800 years.

Until recently only the Vietnamese knew the scourge of war--that is since 1954 when the French were defeated at Diem Bien Phu. But now it seems the Amerikan Giant has seen fit to bring the terrors of war to all of the Indo-Chinese--spreading the conflict first into Laos, then into Cambodia.

Laos was no problem for the Amerikan Giant--because the regime there fell dumb prey to the wishes of Nixon and Company--permitting "bombing of strategic targets and enemy supply routes" --fancy words for the bombing of villages and the indiscriminate shelling of peasants working in the fields which was the actual result.

But Cambodia was not so easy a country to deal with. Quiet Buddhist Cambodia--neutral Cambodia. They said NO to the giant and the giant was forced to find other ways to infiltrate the land.

As a transportation and shipping company AIR AMERICA--now an admitted front-organization for the CIA--the giant started giving "help and non-military aid" to the Cambodian government. Within months it was able to effect the overthrow of the neutral Cambodian government, replacing it with a sort of coalition government which of course permitted the "bombing of strategic targets and enemy supply routes". But the Amerikan Giant was still on shaky ground. Without explanation in late February we found



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS GIANT WHO MEANT TO RULE THE EARTH WITH ALL ITS PEOPLE

the correspondence address of the 1st Air Cavalry Division (undeniably the strongest of the American infantry divisions based in Vietnam) was changed to read: CG 1st AC Division, Bien Hoa AB, Republic of Viet Nam. One thing in this announcement smelled very stale: Bien Hoa Air Base is a suburb of the enormous city of Saigon. It is beyond belief that even the United States Army would put a tactical division of 8,000 men inside a city. It became obvious that the new address was simply a forwarding address for another location. A location outside the boundaries of Viet Nam. Cambodia???

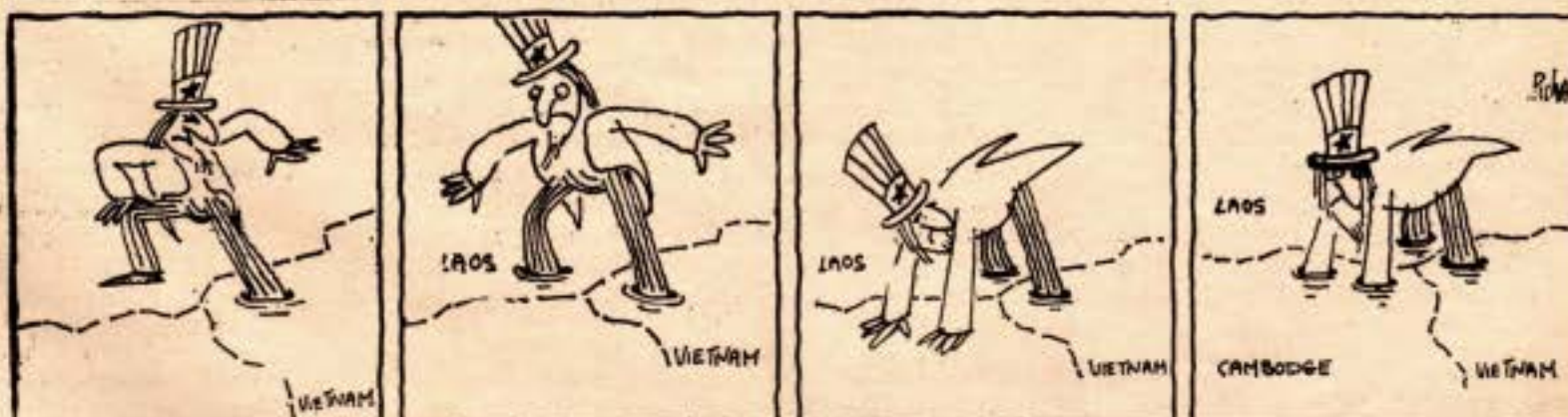
"But they will only stay for a few weeks," said the giant. Only long enough to rout out the enemy in his base camps and supply depots--but the giant's men found nothing. Some bombs. Some bullets. But no soldiers. Civilians were killed.

"Sympathizers" said the giant. "Mother, Father" said their children.

And now--July--and the giants men are gone. Bodies, smoking ruins remain to tell the tale. Why did they leave? "Popular Demand" says the giant.

The monsoon came early to Indo-China this year, nearly 3 weeks ahead of schedule. The land quickly became inundated. The Amerikan Army withdrew their tanks and tracked vehicles nearly a month ago because of the rains and the untraffickable land. The summer monsoon has now flooded the countryside. It was march home now, or swim home later.

Silence again entombs the rice paddies. The sounds of bombs and artillery are now only in the minds of the peasants. Memory of the Amerikan giant. An old bonze walks down a soggy road to a Buddhist shrine. 750 pound bomb fragments along the road. Old Buddha on the hill.



ASLAUGA'S

Many years ago there lived in the island of Fuhnen a noble knight called Froda, the friend of the Skalds, who was so named because he not only offered free hospitality in his fair castle to every renowned and noble bard, but likewise strove with all his might to discover those ancient songs, and tales, and legends which, in Runic writings or elsewhere were still to be found; he had even made some voyages to Iceland in search of them, and had fought many a hard battle with the pirates of those seas--for he was also a right valiant knight, and he followed his great ancestors not only in their love of song, but also in their bold deeds of arms.

One bright autumn evening this honour-loving knight sat before his castle, as he was often wont to do. But on this day he saw little of all that he was accustomed to look upon, for on his knees there lay an ancient book which a learned Icelandic had sent to him across the sea; it was the story of Aslauga, who at first, concealing her high birth, kept goats among the simple peasants of the land, clothed in mean attire; then, in the golden veil of her flowing hair, won the love of King Ragnar Lodbrog; and at last shone brightly on the Danish throne as his glorious queen, till the day of her death.

To the Knight Froda it seemed as though the gracious Lady Aslauga rose in life and birth before him, so that his calm and steadfast heart burst forth in a clear flame of love for the fair daughter of Sigurd. "What matters it," said he to himself, "that it is more than a hundred years since she disappeared from earth? She sees so clearly into this heart of mine--and what more can a knight desire?"

"Such purpose may come to good" said a hollow voice near the knight; and when he looked round, he saw the form of a poor peasant woman, so closely wrapped in a grey mantle that he could not discern any part of her countenance. She looked over his shoulder on the book, and said, with a deep sigh, "I know that story well; and it fares no better with me than with the princess of whom it tells. I am the descendant of the mighty Rolf, to whom the fairest castles and forests and fields of this island once belonged. We are now cast down to poverty; and therefore I am fain to veil my poor face from every eye." It seemed that she shed warm tears beneath her mantle. At this Froda was greatly moved, and begged her, for God's sake to let him know how he could help her. "I almost think," murmured she from beneath her covering, "that you are the very Froda whom men call the Good, of whose generosity and mildness such wonderful tales are told. You need only give up to me the half of your fields and meadows and I should be in a condition to live in some measure such a life as befits the descendant of the mighty Rolf." Then Froda looked thoughtfully upon the ground; partly because she had asked for so much; partly, also, because he was considering whether she could really be descended from the powerful Rolf. She said, after a pause "I must have been mistaken, and you are not indeed that renowned, gentle-hearted Froda; for how could he have doubted so long about such a trifle? Then Froda started up eagerly, and cried, "Let it be as you have said!" and gave her his knightly hand to confirm his words. But he could not grasp the hand of the peasant-woman although her dark form remained close before him.

Suddenly a light seemed to shine forth from the apparition, so that he felt as though Aslauga stood before him, smiling graciously on him. Transported and dazzled, he sank on his knees. When he rose up once more he saw only a cloudy mist of autumn spreading over the meadow, fringed at its edges with lingering evening lights, and then vanishing far over the waves. Henceforth, wherever he roved, over valley or forest or heath, or whether he sailed upon the waves of the sea, the like appearances met him. Once he found a lute lying in a wood and drove a way from it; and when sounds burst forth from the lute without its being touched, a fair child rose up from it, as of old Aslauga herself had done. So much he learnt from this--that the fair Lady Aslauga accepted his service, and that he was now indeed and in truth become her knight.

There stood on the rich banks of the Maine, where it pours its waters through the fertile land of Franconia, a castle of almost royal magnificence, whose mistress was named Hildegardis, who was acknowledged far and wide as the fairest of maidens. Therefore her imperial uncle wished that she should wed none but the bravest knight who could anywhere be met with. Accordingly he followed the example of many a noble lord in such a case, and proclaimed a tournament, at which the chief prize should be the hand of the peerless Hildegardis, unless the victor already bore in his heart a lady wedded or betrothed to him; for the lists were not to be closed to any brave warrior of equal birth, that the contest of strength and courage might be so much the richer in competitors.

Now the renowned Froda had tidings of this from his German brethren-in-arms; and he prepared himself to appear at the festival. Before all things, he forged for himself a splendid suit of armour. He worked the helmet out of pure gold, and formed it so that it seemed to be covered with bright flowing locks, which called to mind



Aslauga's tresses. He also fashioned on the breast-plate of his armour, overlaid with silver, a golden image in half relief, which represented Aslauga. Then he took out of his stables a beautiful Danish steed, embarked it carefully on board a vessel, and sailed to the opposite shore.

In one of those fair beech-woods which abound in the fertile land of Germany he fell in with a young and courteous knight of delicate form, who asked the noble northman to share his meal. Whilst the two knights sat peacefully together at their repast they felt drawn towards each other; and rejoiced when, on rising from it, they observed that they were about to follow the same road. They had not come to this good understanding by means of many words; for the young knight Edwald was of a silent nature. But even in his quiet smile there lay a gentle, winning grace; and when from time to time a few simple words of deep meaning sprang to his lips they seemed like a gift worthy of thanks. They travelled thus many days together; and it appeared as if their path were marked out for them in inseparable union; and much as they rejoiced at this, yet they looked sadly at each other whenever they set out afresh, or where cross-roads met, on finding that neither took a different direction.

It happened on a time that they met an arrogant, overbearing knight, who appeared to come from the land of Bohemia. He began to mock young Edwald for his delicate form and for his silence--all of which he bore for some time with great patience; but when at last the stranger used an unbecoming phrase, he arose, girded on his sword, and bowing gracefully, moved towards the door. The Bohemian knight followed, smiling scornfully; while Froda was full of care for his young and slender companion, although his honour was so dear to him that he could in no way interpose.

But it soon appeared how needless were the northman's fears. With equal vigour and address did Edwald assault his gigantic adversary, so that to look upon it was almost like one of those combats between a knight and some monster of the forest of which ancient legends tell. But he spared his conquered foe, helped him courteously to rise, and then turned to mount his own steed.

"From henceforth this gives me pleasure" said Froda, pointing with satisfaction to their common road. "I must own to you, Edchen, that hitherto, when I have thought that you might perhaps be journeying with me to that tournament held in honour of the fair Hildegardis, a heaviness came over my heart. Now I have learned to

K N I G H T

know you as a warrior who may long seek his match; and God be praised if we still hold on in the same path, and welcome our earliest meeting in the lists!"

But Edwald looked at him sorrowfully, and said "What can my skill and strength avail if they be tried against you, and for the greatest earthly prize, which one of us alone can win? Alas, I have long foreboded with a heavy heart that you also are journeying to the tournament of the fair Hildegardis."

"Edchen," answered Froda, with a smile, "I strive but for renown in arms, and not for your fair Hildegardis!"

"My fair Hildegardis!" answered Edwald, with a sigh. "That she is not, nor ever will be--or should she, ah!" Edwald solemnly drew forth a picture from beneath his breastplate, and held it before him. Fixed, and as if enchanted, Froda gazed upon it; the smile passed from his countenance, as the sunlight fades away from the meadows before the coming darkness of the storm.

"See you not now, my noble comrade," whispered Edwald, "that for one of us two, or perhaps for both, the joy of life is gone?"

"Not yet," replied Froda with a powerful effort; "but hide your magic picture and let us rest beneath this shade." They dismounted from their steeds and stretched themselves upon the ground. The noble Froda had no thought of sleep; but he wished to be undisturbed while he wrestled strongly with himself, and strove, if it might be, to drive from his mind that image of fearful beauty.

At last a restless, dreamy sleep did indeed overshadow the exhausted warrior. From strange and bewildering visions the voice of Edwald at last awoke him. Then he sprang upon his steed full of the proud joy of former times. And when the magic of Hildegardis' beauty, dazzling and bewildering, would rise up before him, he said, smiling, "Aslauga!" and the sun of his inner life shone forth again cloudless and serene.

From a balcony of her castle on the Maine, Hildegardis stood gazing on the road below; for knights were approaching singly, or with a train of followers, all eager to prove their courage and their strength in striving for the high prize of the tournament. She was in truth a proud and high-minded maiden--perhaps more so than became even her dazzling beauty and her princely rank. She caught sight of Edwald and Froda, dismissing scornfully the younger knight. But a voice within her, as though of prophecy, said, "Now the victor of the tournament rides into the courtyard;" and she, who had never feared the presence of any human being, now felt humbled, and almost painfully awed, when she beheld the northern knight.

At the evening meal Froda, after the northern fashion, remained in full armour, the golden image of Aslauga gleaming from his silver breast-plate full before the eyes of the haughty lady. She smiled scornfully, as if conscious that it depended on her will to drive that image from the breast and from the heart of the stranger-knight. Then suddenly a clear golden light passed through the hall, so that Hildegardis said, "O the keen lightning!" and covered her eyes with both her hands. But Froda looked into the dazzling radiance with a joyful gaze of welcome. At this Hildegardis feared him yet more, though at the same time she thought, "This loftiest and most mysterious of men must be born for me alone." Yet could she not forbear, almost against her will to look from time to time in friendly tenderness on the poor Edwald, who sat there silent, and with a sweet smile seemed to pity and to mock his own suffering and his own vain hopes.

Some days afterwards Froda sat in a secluded part of the castle garden, and was reading in the ancient book of his lovely mistress Aslauga. It happened at that very time that Hildegardis passed by. She stood still, and said, thoughtfully, "Strange union that you are of knight and sage, how comes it that you bring forth so little out of the deep treasures of your knowledge?" and she asked him to read to her out of his book.

Froda began, and in the very effort which he made to change the old heroic speech of Iceland into the German tongue, his heart and mind were stirred more fervently and solemnly. As he looked up from time to time, he beheld the countenance of Hildegardis beaming in ever-growing beauty with joy, wonder, and interest; and the thought passed through his mind whether this could indeed be his destined bride, to whom Aslauga herself was guiding him. Then suddenly the characters became strangely confused, and as he fixed his eyes upon the book endeavouring to drive away this strange confusion, he heard "Leave a little space for me, fair lady. The history which that knight is reading to you relates to me; and I hear it gladly." Hildegardis had swooned, and when she recovered Aslauga was gone. "What have I done to you, evil minded knight," said Hildegardis, "that you call up your northern spectres before me, and well-nigh destroy me through terror of your magic arts?" "Lady," answered Froda, "I have not called hither the wondrous lady who but now appeared to us. But now her will is known to me, and I commend you to God's keeping."

(From the story by LaMotte Fouqué....)

To be continued, if you want it.)



Go Ahead
And Pinch
My Ass,
Motherfucker!

die woman, die.

We are asking the government to repeal the abortion laws, and they are telling us to eat shit. But those motherfuckin' male supremacists will be the ones who eat shit in the end.

We are sick of our sisters dying. The figures show that there are more than 20,000 women dying in North America each year because they are forced to seek illegal abortions. Thousands more suffer for months from post abortion infections and many of these become permanently sterile. The casualty figures for this war against women are higher than those of the war in Vietnam, and it keeps growing.

In the early weeks of pregnancy an abortion is a simple operation. If the legislators and religious leaders weren't so determined to make their views the laws of the land many of these deaths and injuries could be avoided. But because of these laws once a woman becomes pregnant her body becomes property of the government.

In Canada and some American states they allow abortions if the pregnancy endangers the life of the woman or if the pregnancy was induced by rape. But the woman who tries to obtain abortion by this means, is put through a lot of bureaucratic shit, and mental rape.

About a year ago an Eskimo woman went before a committee to request permission for an abortion, as she had been raped. The committee refused her because they felt that subconsciously she wished to become pregnant.

Most of these committees are all male and predominantly Catholic, so it's no wonder that over 99% of abortions performed are illegal ones. That means of the million abortions each year only 8,000 are legal.

These anti-abortion laws epitomize and symbolize the oppression of women. They were written by men before women had the vote. They are guarded closely by male religious leaders and the Canadian and American medical associations which have bitterly fought medical education for women.

The woman who lies awake nights suffering from post abortion infection that won't heal must have a vague feeling that she is being punished for transgression against the moral authority of male supremacy.

FREE ABORTION ON DEMAND!

-montréal anny

The other night on CKGM-FM I caught a good rap on laws protecting women or the lack of them. The rap stated that if a woman is loitering on the street she can be arrested for soliciting or attempt to solicit. This law is to protect men from clap-ridden females who peddle their asses. But there is no law that protects women from men that hassle them as they walk down the street. Obviously the Québec government is more worried about the physical and financial state of men than of the mental state of women.

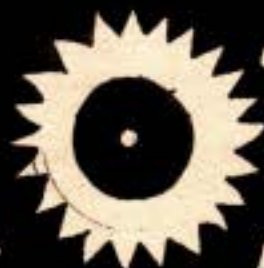
If a woman is hassled by some obscenity numbling drunk the only thing she can do is to charge him with disturbing the peace, and it's his word against his.

It's clear that something should be done about the lack of these protecting laws. We can petition picket, and write letters to our government representatives but that takes a long time and the chances are ten to one that women will lose anyway. And what do we do in the meantime? We can take the laws into our own hands, and kick ass.

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Arcmtl scan 2015

Announcements

Freaky Tedd is having a birthday party--on his birthday, natch, July 17. Tedd has enlightened this world for 23 years. It will take place at McGill Bowl about sundown--plenty of dope and dopes. No Narcs, as we can't guarantee their lives as Tedd is very energetic with his new M-16. Happy Birthmark, Theodore!

On July 6 a drop in center will be opening in Lachine to be located in the converted YMCA building on 40th and Provo. Workshops will be held in art, photography and literature. Hours from 1 P.M. to Mid-night.

A job-co-op is also opening in Lachine. They have and need part time and full time work. Call

We have word of a brother looking to buy a typewriter. Go to 3816 St. Laurent.

Fine, free guitarist is looking a jazz organist who likes Zappa style jamming, but ain't too concerned about getting gigs. Contact Frank at 342-1438.

A brown wallet was lost on the mountain on July 7 at the free festival. There was \$50 and identification in the wallet. If the wallet is found, please return to 4055 Blvd. St. Laurent. Keep the money. The return of the I.D. is urgent.

The planned free, absolutely free festival is really coming together. Except they still have no land. Someone called us and offered their farm, promising to call back the next day. The next day our phone was disconnected. If he, or anyone else, has some land to offer, call Jimmy at 936-9618.

Negative and Positive

i am negative because
i do not choose to remain blind.

i am negative because
i wish to be free.

i am negative because
i no longer wish to kiss ass.

i am negative because
i want no more complicity with
honky exploiters and oppressors.

i am negative because
if everybody remains positive,
the planet will die within 10 years.

i am negative because
I CARE!

i am negative because
i know this is gonna hurt.

i am positive because
i know we are gonna WIN!
- Mario Labonza



Free the horses

If one takes a walk downtown one will see horse-drawn carriages carrying Mommy, Daddy and Junior from suburbia, all having great fun. But look closer at the horse. Man is also an animal and we often slave drive each other in a ruthless attempt for more power. We may have the capability of dissent but the horse doesn't. As they drive by I see the swayback on the horse, his sorry eyes, his blinders, the cute flowers binding his ears. All of these horses have no place working. They are all past their primes and it shows. Would it be too much to steal some pleasure away from man and let them go off to pasture and contemplate?

Free All Horses!
Free All Chickens!
Free All Animals!
Right On!



McGill Park

McGill University stands in the center of town, with a large park in the center of the campus. Home in the winter for fifteen thousand students and in the summer for the English Freak community. Simply by the nature of McGill's physical position in town it becomes a crossroads--a gathering place for the people of the community. According to the will of the founder of McGill, the lower campus is to be left open for public use. And by the fact that we inhabit one section of the park, that part of the park is ours to govern, use and take care of.

The self-image of McGill University in the social structure forbids any public use of its property. As a university it exists to educate people--to push them through a machine and produce interchangeable parts for a mechanized society. As the major university in Montreal, it is the major supplier and replinisher of parts for the system. It has a long history of repression--particularly against the French--by its insistence upon staying an English school in a French city and demanding its French students speak English in their own land, and thus insuring that the well-educated, those who the elite of our society are products of an English culture and an English language education.

McGill has been conducting war research for many years. And Canada is not at war. Look into the personal lives of the trustees of the board of directors at McGill University and you will find that they are on the board of directors of an American owned and financed corporation. This is what this institution of higher learning is about.

And to have freaks sitting on their campus, and really learning something, not just getting an education is an obvious insult to McGill and more importantly totally defeats the purpose of the university's existence.

So the Board of Directors institute a curfew--that at 11 P.M., as darkness becomes complete and the time on a hot summer day one would first begin to come to life--all are told to go home. And on June 12, when a group of fifty elected to stay, they were told to go home by sixty Police, fully dressed and equipped for riot or battle; twenty plainclothesmen and ten narcotics agents. An expected reaction from such an institution when fifty people wish to play frisbee after a certain hour.

The buildings and grounds department was approached by the people who use the park and said they wanted to make it look better and asked for a rake and a hose and were told there would be a fence constructed soon in order to make the park look better, and since they weren't students they had better leave anyway.

This co-operation from a university whose official policy is that the park is for public use and the library and the (under construction) math building violate the instructions for the use of the campus left by its founder in his will. And who will continue to aid the French students, by teaching them in English. In the light of the 20th century, McGill still clings to a Victorian elitist set of values. No wonder people plant bombs

The LeDain Report

Legalize it, cause we'll take it in your blood.

--denise vanier,
French-Canadian White Panther
Party of Montreal.

It's in! Finally! What we've all been waiting for many eons and then some. Complete with Political trappings and whispered innuendos. The Le Dain Drug Commission's interim report on the non-medical use of drugs. So what???

What's it all mean? It means, that if you are a good card-carrying liberal--I've been accused of being a lot of things in my lifetime, but that I am not--then you REALLY DO CARE, honest. E-A-T SHIT!!!

A few "recommendations" from the interim report were:

(1) that the illegal possession of any drug be subject to no more than a \$100 fine. (this recommendation was immediately rejected by the House of Commons)

(2) the immediate transfer of marijuana and hashish from the Narcotics Control Act ("because they are really not narcotics") to the Food and Drug Act and to provide fines for first and subsequent offences, and if that offender cannot pay the fine, then the alternate should not be prison terms, but civil court proceedings by the prosecution.

(3) that the Police, prosecutors and courts exercise discretion so as to minimize the impact of the criminal law upon the simple possession of psychotropic drugs, pending a decision, as to the whole future of possessional offences in this field.

(4) the legal definition of "trafficking" be amended so that nobody cannot be convicted of trafficking for giving away a quantity of cannabis that can be smoked on one occasion, and the penalty for this offense would be that of simple possession.

(5) all Police terror tactics, traps and/or physical violence to obtain evidence on drug use should be abolished.

(6) all traffickers of marijuana or hashish should be sentenced to not more than 18 months imprisonment, down from 20 years maximum.

(7) the minority report on cannabis submitted by Miss Bertrand, assistant professor of criminology at the University of Montreal, says that the legal prohibition against possession of marijuana and hashish should be completely removed.

The commission also lashed-out at the un-called-for ignorance on the part of authorities creating monstrous myths; using scare tactics to keep junior off the weed. However, when junior finds out that he's been fucked around with and shot a daily stream of shit as he experiences his first ecstatic high, canyons of credibility will then separate him from such authoritarian figures as teachers, parents, physicians and Police.

The extensive report not only covered the use of the weed, acid, the 'hard stuff' but also the bennies that Mom pops, the tranquilizers that Dad eats like candy, barbiturates, tobacco and alcohol.

On the whole, I think that the report was nothing but a waste of time. A Political toy that could be fondled and caressed by Politicians. But that is not to discredit Gerald Le Dain, chairman of the commission, who must have worked his apolitical ass off, all for a polite zero. I think Le Dain and Co. are beginning to realize this, that they were used as mere lackeys for the Political follies of the government. Le Dain has already threatened his resignation from the commission and might yet do so.

I mean, the report is submitted to Health Minister John Munro and when he reads it, he realized the Political monster that he has created. He stalls for time with only a couple of weeks to go before Parliament is to be dissolved for another summer vacation. Then, the bomb. Time magazine, an American publication, prints a story on the Le Dain Commission's interim report and the possible consequences. A leak. Horrendous. An American magazine informing the Canadian people on one of the most important and vital issues in our time, even before the Canadian governments official report to the public was announced. Result: chaos and anarchy in the Commons. John Munro could stall no longer. The then anti-climatic report was finally tabled in the Commons amidst government cabinet haggling and obvious Political overtones. Health Minister John Munro, who had stuck his liberal neck out many times before without apparent compromise and appeared to do so again, agreed with

many of the recommendations in the report, stating that marijuana would indeed be placed under the Food and Drug Act. Justice Minister John Turner and Solicitor-General Mak-kel-rate, in charge of the R.C.M.P., obviously opposed the report and its recommendations, saying that they were right in stating that some parts of the report would be put under consideration and nothing more for the moment. Health Minister Munro backed down three days later. He said, yes, I regret that I was wrong. The Honorable Justice Minister and Solicitor-General were right. Some recommendations of the report are only under consideration.....we must have cabinet solidarity....don't call us, we'll call you.....

What else can I say but this, remember who you're fucking with. Certainly not the dope-smoking in-crowd junior-executive lot in safe suburbia, but US. The social deviates of the Third World, white niggers. While you motherfuckers are content to pick each others noses and wipe each others asses, kicking that all-powerful Political football around--picking the Canadian people's pockets to the sour note of 30 grand a year--and out there, somewhere, one of my brothers or sisters is getting his or her heads cracked open--all in the cause of a "just society" and token liberalism--DONES!!! Sorry. But this is just another case of being too little and too late.



An open letter

to all you suburban rich-kid good-vibes hippies, honkies, everyone in any form of goddamn uniform from Salvation Army to doormen at the Sheraton, flag waving hardcore communist bastards, capitalistic dope peddlers from McGill ghetto, and any other forms of deadbeats sitting around on tree stumps and street corners waiting for the beginning of the end, the end of the beginning, or just too fucking inept to function other than as a turnip or carrot or fucking head of lettuce:

All this secretive underground hippy-trippy babble about what it's all going to be like "after the Revolution" and "Wow, man--wait till the Revolution" is shit! If it were up to you there never would be any revolution because there's not one out of twenty five of you glorious good-times hippies that gives a polite turd which way the world goes or what kind of corruption you are going to have to live in--but fuck that--what about your children? Youth blows off so much fucking gas about what a sad-shit world our parents left us in the mean time all we get done to make it better is the perfection of a new strain of LSD or some really groovy microneesian polka-dot hash imported by life raft at a dynamite \$85 an ounce. You might as well dye your pubic hairs purple with cranberry juice and parade down St. Catherine Street in a sack-cloth.

The "Revolution" is here for fuck sake. It's not coming--it's already here and it always was here. At least since 1947 when I was born, and I know a few people a little older than me who would probably want to move that date back a few years. And if you want to see the Revolution--it's all around you--See those fire alarms and police boxes on the street corners around town? All you have to do in case of need is to pull the handle. And then you're part of the Revolution. If our times are not times of need then real need is never going to come because, open your eyes--like your brothers are dying--rotting in jail cells--not only in Amerika, but in real live Amerikanada too. And if you're really brave why don't you pick up the telephone and rap to the pig awhile? It's only a dime. And what's all that accomplish? CHAOS! That's all. CONFUSION. DISORDER. While your brothers and sisters are out risking their asses to blow away this shit-eating society--they can use the added turmoil. It's not really asking a hell of a lot.

Heat Wave

Early last month, the scene in the Montreal student ghetto seemed like something out of hard core Amerika. For about a week twenty-five undercover Police moved in to wipe out the dope trade in the ghetto and spread fear across the town. The heat wave was on. A white Ford Econoline Van, license No., PU-5777, equipped with camera's and three antenna's prowled around the ghetto, making movies. Pigs walked around speaking into walkie-talkies they carried inside sandwich bags. Private patrols, in cars marked Phillips Security, appeared suddenly. These cars, hired by Concordia Realities still remain, prowling through alleys in the ghetto at night and stopping and just watching through windows. The assault was led by a narc known as Savage. Forty-two were busted--11 busts in the McGill area. It became so heavy for a time, that Police were stopping and frisking anyone who looked like they did dope, and a great number of the busts were of people carrying tiny quantities. Under the law in Kanada, one needs be arrested and charged before being searched, but that mattered little. They have their badge and gun and

license to kill. People who resisted arrest were thrown in unmarked pignobiles and driven away for "questioning," often for more than twenty-four hours. "Nither thou goest Amerika in the shining car."

The pigs were organized and they had inside help. More than ten of the busts were known to be set up by an acid dealer from New York. He raped one freak chick before he split. Also there is one dope dealer on the Campus who has a large monopoly over the deals there. It's well known that he's an informer pig, but he'll turn you in only if you try to outdeal him. We have also found that he dislikes tearing down fences in the McGill bowl.

The reason for the busts was a large shipment of cocaine which was really half smack (and very fine, ed. note) circulating around the ghetto for free, as dealers hoped to get a lot of people strung out. Goddam the pusher man.

According to reliable inside sources the pigs will hit the ghetto again in another week or so. We can take care of the pushers. Goddam the pigs!!

JOIN THE REVOLUTION



"Only a few years ago I was a true nothing, plodding along in a truly nothing job. Then I joined the REVOLUTION! In only a few years I made it to the top. Now look at me."

The REVOLUTION! needs young men and women like yourself. Drop by any time at one of your neighborhood trouble spots. Or talk to one of our friendly recruiters on the street. You too can enjoy the pleasures of rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets. Join up now--or there may not be a later.

And by the way, just for all of you who really dig getting into it with the Man--sit back and think awhile about confrontation. Sure, we can match billy clubs with billy clubs--guns with guns, but what about tanks and napalm? Not hardly.

The way to get the Man is not by open street war. Certainly street fighting has its place in the Revolution, but not in the primary stage of it. We can not win or even tie against an organized militar if someone tries to tell you that you can then you ought to kick his face in because he's a fucking liar and he just wants to see your meat in the road. You get the Man when he's taking a shit in a café--set fire to his fucking car, slash his tires. But don't be seen. Save your faces. Life is short for fuck sake, learn to fight and run away and live to fight another day. It's called guerrilla warfare, good vibes--

And about all this fucking in the parks and dancing in the streets "after the Revolution" forget all that--because when we're done there won't be any parks or any streets, just COUNTRY. MOTHER EARTH, WATER and SKY. LIFE for a fucking change.

So Sincerely Montréal,
Fat Collective Shit.

Barney Os Whiskey



Reaction

Due to certain statements made and the general tone of our last issue, a few stores around town are now refusing to distribute our paper or any other underground press. Apparently we've become too negative. We're sorry that we're not "positive" like Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young who demand \$60,000 dollars before an audience may hear their tunes of peace and love. Or like Rolling Stone, the trade newspaper that is really little more than a plug for the music industry, and who are having no problem staying alive financially. The stores that carry these items of course get relatively little returns compared to the wealth made by the industry they support, and are serving what they feel is an important function.

But strange bedfellows are being made. Seems that peace, love and positivism is becoming synonymous with industry, exploitation, commercialism, and the preservation of the status quo. And the people and their press are negative.

"One copy of an underground newspaper telling the kids about power structures, ecology, rock and roll, dope and making love puts these honkies more uptight than 10,000 full color crotch-shot magazines or 1,000,000 copies of Daily World." Thomas Forcade of the Underground Press Syndicate.

A few stores around town still have a large selection of underground papers--and there is one or more from every major Amerikan and Canadian city. We receive nearly all of these every week. You are welcome to come over and keep it in touch with what's going down all over. Read on, brothers and sisters.

woodstock
peace
and
money

the baddest mutha fucker that ever shit between two shoes.

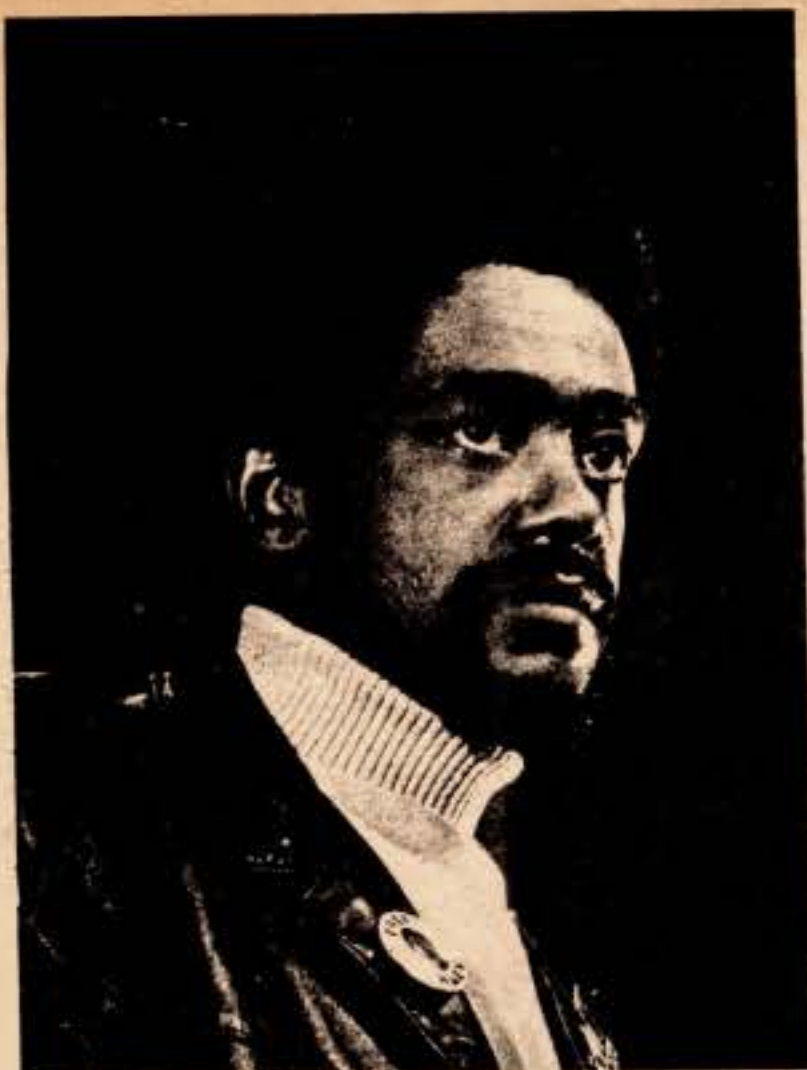
The story printed here is from back in 1967, when the Black Panthers were first getting organized. A black man, Denzil Dowell was killed by North Richmond, Calif., Police, and the Panthers went to the people and then to the D.A. to try to make some justice.

Reprinted from *SEIZE THE TIME*, by Bobby Seale. Published by Random House.



About four, five days later, they called us up at the Panther office and said there was a session going on out there, up in the Sixth Street office over in Richmond, concerning the fact that the DA of the county had better do something, had better charge these cops who killed Denzil Dowell.

Me and brother Huey and a number of other brothers all got together and walked off into the meeting there, with our guns. This DA was



sitting there and he looked and saw Huey; he saw Huey with that big shotgun. The pig can see that Huey's shotgun carries a whole lot of rounds. And Huey had a bandolier holding 26 shotgun shells across his chest. Huey had double-O buckshot, and the pig was definitely checking Huey out. Huey was decked out in the Panther uniform and he simply walked in and sat down, and the brothers and the sisters who were there talk about this pig, this DA.

HUEY NEWTON

Talk about him like he was nothing, and running it down about how rotten he is, and he's trying to give some verbal sincerity.

The people saw Huey, and they felt it was no time for them to be taking no shit because here's a man that we respect, here's a leader. He's armed to the gills and he's articulate, and he knows what he's talking about. Like they're ready to jump over there and snatch this D.A.'s throat out, concerning this whole situation and how Denzil Dowell was killed. So we blew the dude away, and told him he wasn't doing nothing, wasn't serving the people, that he was jiving, that he was a swine, and that he wasn't nothing for the people etc.

But he came up and started talking about, why don't you go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department, up in Martinez, and if you go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department in Martinez, maybe you can get some results there. So the people say, "We're going to go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department in Martinez." The mother and the father and the Dowell family wanted us to go to Martinez, and since we're a people's party, we generally go along with what the people want to do, to serve them. Especially if we think it will help them to raise their interests and unity, and get support and try to begin to attempt to change the system. So, we say, "Yes, we'll go to Martinez, with the brothers and sisters here. We're concerned about this here. The Panthers will definitely be there."

Sombody called the sheriff's department from the meeting and told them we were coming up and that the people wanted to come up and speak to them. The district attorney had to back it up. I think the people put so much pressure on him that he made the appointment for them within the next two or three days. They made him make the appointment, right there at the meeting. They wouldn't let him get out of there till he made the appointment. That's what it was. He saw all these guns, and the people's power, and the people ready for Huey to use this gun on him anyway, and knowing Huey, he'll defend the people. They say that one thing we're going to get out of you is that you make an appointment for us right now. And so right on the spot there they got a phone, and made him get on the phone and make an appointment.

So we loaded up in our cars, the community people of North Richmond and Black Panther officers and members, and we headed for Martinez. A couple of carloads of brothers, and three or four carloads of community people, going to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department. When we got there, they had sheriffs standing all down the doorways, and sheriffs all around. The brothers drove up, and the first six brothers got out. I think there were three shotguns, and two or three M-1's and one brother with a pistol. I drove around the block, but Huey got out. The sheriffs car came up directly across the street, right at the corner. He jumped out of the car, took his key out and unlocked that little thing that holds the shotgun in it. He got his shotgun out and jacked a round off into the chamber



of the shotgun. When he did that, Huey just stopped and looked at him, and the brothers were kind of in line, right behind him, doing the same thing that Huey was doing, looking at the pig.

Soon as the pig jacked that round off, Huey jacked a round off. And the brother next to Huey jacked a round off, and another brother jacked a round off, and another. And the only sound the pig heard was, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, right down the line. The sheriff looked at these Panthers jacking these rounds off, took his shotgun, ejected his round out of the chamber, locked his shotgun back up, got back in his car, and drove away. That was the baddest set on the scene. I don't know who he thought he was. Those other sheriffs standing at the door were amazed and surprised, because Huey turned right around and turned on them, and walked up to the door. And they said, "You can't go in with no gun." And Huey said, "What do you mean, you can't go in with a gun? This is public property. This is people's property. We have a constitutional right to carry guns, and anywhere on public property, people can carry a gun. So we're going to go in with some guns."

"If you go in we're going to arrest you." So Huey says, "OK! I'll tell you what we do. We take one brother who's going to volunteer to go in and take the arrest, because we're going to make a test case out of the fact." Huey knew the law very well, knew that they couldn't charge anyone with coming on public property with guns, because public property is paid by the people's taxes. And since we have a right to have guns, a Constitutional right, they can't charge anybody. So we're going to make a test case, and we're going to send a man in with a gun.

Brother Reginald Forte says, "Here I am, brother." He jumped forward. As he jumped forward--to go in with the gun--the pigs all blocked up, about six of them. We were about 12 or 11 feet from the door, inside the building. Reginald was getting ready to go into the elevator, and the pig says, "No, you can't go in. No guns upstairs." Reginald Forte starts saying "All right now look, let me go in, I'm going, I'm ready to go in." As Reginald Forte attempted to go in the elevator, six pigs stood shoulder to shoulder, holding themselves against him. Reginald Forte has his shotgun with him. He walks right up to them and bumps right up into them. The pigs wouldn't move, and Reginald Forte says, "Let me go in." He walks away and says, "What's the matter?" Then he walks right back, right up to them again, and bumps into them and says, "Will you get out of the way, so I can go through the elevator? What are you doing blocking the passageway where people go through?" And he bumps into them again. And the pigs are just standing there. Then Reginald Forte moved to go up the stairs, about five feet to the side. He moved to go up the stairs and some more pigs were bunched up together there. He bumps up into them and says, "Hey, what's the matter? Get out of the way so I can go in."

They just held right, and wouldn't let nobody go by. Another pig comes up and I think he's talking about he's a detective of the Martinez City Police, and if you need somebody to protect your rights, etc. He was talking to Huey. He's talking about, "Who's the leader here?" And I say, "Huey P. Newton is." "Well, if you need somebody to protect your rights," he says, "well, the police department, the sheriff's department, will protect your rights." Huey P. Newton said, "We don't need racist pigs who murder and brutalize us to try

and protect us, because we know you're brutal murderers. Get away from me. I can protect my own rights, because I have my own gun."

At this point Huey got to arguing with him, and one of the pigs stepped on Huey's feet. Huey pushed him off and said, "Get off my feet. Who do you think you are?" Then this little jive, just show you, he tells us, "I can protect your rights." And all of a sudden the pig says, "Well, I think that all these people are disturbing the peace, that's what they're doing, and we're just going to have to place somebody under arrest." Huey got to talking about, "You're disturbing the peace," and Reggie was over there bumping into these pigs, driving his body into them, saying, "Move so I can go up," with a shotgun in his hand.

Obviously, they weren't going to let anybody go up. So I call Huey back. I said "All right Huey, come on." I say, "Let's go back in the car, let's put the guns up, and go up here for these people because the people do want us upstairs, and the sister there is explaining that she wants us to go upstairs." I think she wanted us to bawl the head sheriff out. So we went back and put all our guns in the car. We locked up our guns in the car and went up to the brothers and sisters upstairs. We left one brother outside to guard the guns.

We got upstairs, and me and brother Huey and brother Eldridge were all sitting there, listening to this fool. One of those hog of hogs, with his fat belly hanging over his belt. Talking about how he cannot do anything for us, that he does not make the laws, and the best thing that we could do was go to Sacramento, to the legislature where the laws are made. He kept trying to pass off some verbal sincerity, and trying to double-talk somebody. Brother Eldridge Cleaver got up and explained. He said, "Look, brothers and sisters, this pig, this swine here ain't going to do nothing for us. This swine is double-talking us and jiving. We know he don't care about us so why don't we all just leave and walk out on this set." Everybody is disgusted and pissed off, after this pig talked about going to the legislature, and all this kind of crap. And double-talking. So we got up and walked out of the building, and went back home.



Huey P. Newton is the baddest motherfucker ever to set foot in history, but he now sits in jail, serving a 2-15 year sentence for a miscarriage of justice committed by the California Courts. The court of appeals is considering a motion that his trial be declared a mistrial, but the Panthers know that this is a trick to distract attention from the trial of Bobby Seale, and that Huey won't be free till they drink wine with him.

If anything happens to Huey, the sky is the limit. FREE HUEY.



YANQLI GO HOME

Living in downtown Montréal it sometimes gets really hard to see the extent of what's going down--and as a result it is very easy to fall into the illusion that we are living in a free country--free from Amerikan exploitation and repression--and free to live easy carefree lives. But get out into the suburbs, every street isn't like the main with its collection of little discount shops. And all these suburban factories are connected by miles and miles of highways, interchanges and cloverleaves. There's hardly any people living out there. There are no zoos in an industrial park. Further expansion is being planned. New factories and roads are under construction at a fantastic rate. Real estate agencies are selling land for factory sites. A super-smog town is being prepared--a super corporate home--a sprawling mass of factories, highways, plastic homes, complete with an airport in the middle--nothing but concrete and steel and smog and noise every inch of our island. A future that promises traffic jams and carbon monoxide and an atmosphere of industrial wastes. And man, those ain't Canadian dollars financing this--there really is no such thing as a Canadian dollar--it even looks like monopoly money--not for general motors' ass to get fatter. That's Amerikan--run out of people to exploit and land to ruin in their home base and extending their aid to the friendly neighbors up north.

Travelling west along the bottleneck of expressway's a half-open eye leads to the discovery of 7-up, Ford, IBM, General Motors, Western Electric, etc. Going east along route 2, just past the sign that reads scenic route to Québec City, stands a few miles of oil refineries, proudly pouring jet black smoke from their stacks and advertising their Amerikan names: Shell, Esso, etc. According to the Montréal Star, 99% of the oil in Kanada is Amerikan owned.

More statistics. 60% of all business is backed in Amerikan dollars (that includes small businesses) and of the major korporations listed on the Canadian stock exchanges, 84% are financed by the Amerikan dollar. We have become slaves of Amerika. The Amerikan korporations have run out of resources at home, so they come up here. Dig the copper slags that are a growing part of the scenery along the Gaspé peninsula, dig Alcoa Aluminum. Or better yet, stop them from digging. Kanadian minerals, Yankee money and Yankee profits--in many cases they even bring their own workers--and Kanadian earth is destroyed to support the imperialist economy. When the run out of markets for their overproduction they come up here, hence we are burdened with their advertising and the consumption of all their shit. We become no longer a competitive economy, but a servant one.



We are so enslaved that priorities in Montréal favor the building of a world's fair, a baseball stadium and an Olympic village, to attract tourists, before the building of an adequate sewage system.

As Amerikan kapitalism goes down the drain, the Kanadian people must go down with it. When the Amerikan dollar became worth a few pennies less, companies that counted on the exchange rate lost out. As their stocks crash, ours collapse. A depression is coming to Amerika and that means here too. In order to save Amerika, President Nixon must suspend whatever democracy is still remaining. He is hard at work with the Rand korporation to find a way not to hold elections in 1972. He is doing all he can to create a depression. With a depression he can blame everything on the dissenting minority (majority), declare martial law across the land, satisfy the masses by giving them a little, and wipe out all dissent--thus preserving the racist-fascist korporate power structure. The Nixon-Agnew Administration will then be making no bones about what they are doing. A fascist Amerika will be preserved only as a fascist state.

Fascism, repression and supression are an essential part of a kapitalistic economy. In such a society, based on profit, the power is in the hands of those with the money. And the country is ruled not by the people with the vote, but by the people with the wealth. And the function of the politician is merely to satisfy enough of the demands of the people, and serve as a front, without really giving them anything and thus prevent rebellion and keep the nation safe for korporate monopoly and destruction. Kapitalism and democracy are thus two totally contrasting systems. Historically, kapitalism did not appear till the discovery of foreign markets and trade. And once they were discovered, the army was inevitably to appear on the scene in order to defend the imperialist nations investments. A kapitalistic economy requires these foreign markets and foreign materials. It then becomes essential for it to suppress the people it supplies and destroys their earth and suppress their cultures. We are Amerika's closest colony and just as Nixon is merely a puppet of the big business of Amerika, Trudeau is merely a puppet of Kanada's big businesses, which is really Amerika's big businesses, which is what the conspiracy is all about. Economic Aid. Repression.



Unlike most colonies of Amerika, where Amerika was able to walk in and rip-off with no questions asked, in Kanada these was the problem of dealing with another White Anglo-Saxon Protestant culture. The roots of Kan-adian culture and Amerikan culture are the same. Hence, instead of mere slaves, we are potential competitors and it became necessary for Amerika to sell us its program, grant us a fraction of the profit and make it impossible to develop on our own. The return of the program back to Amerika and the liberation of ourselves from an in-grained repressive system is where much of our effort must lie. We must do a lot more than replace foreign repression for domestic. The basic repressive nature of a kapitalistic system, its necessary tendency is to make the people competitive and hence alienate them-selves from each other, and the consciousness that results from this type of living must be altered. To repress a similar culture, the repressor must be extremely subtle. It is essential that the people be kept blind.

One of the functions that Kanada serves to the mother country is as a channel for dissent--a draft dodger can come here and stay comfortably and easily fall into the apathy of thinking that he's really dis-sented and become a good Kanadian citizen, while he's actually just falling into the same bullshit he left behind. And as Kanadians we can pretend we have nothing to do with the war while remaining integral parts of the economy that necessitates genocidal slaughter and while allowing minerals from Kanadian soil be used for fueling and manufacturing the planes that fly over Viet Nam.

The subtlety of the oppression here is almost fright-ening. When concentration camps are opened and you see people put up against the wall daily, then you know you're living in a fascist state. But in Kanada, the repression is almost completely cultural and so deeply rooted that you don't stop to think about it, it just seems to be part of your reality. Advertising and korporate rip-offs and the right of people to be rich is just there and accepted. And without thinking, we are sold complet-ely on the Amerikan consciousness--the urge to consume everything we can, the accumulation and display of wealth the unthinking destruction of the environment and the valuing of property above life.

The need for radical change and now--goes really deep. When a bomb explodes, no one thinks if anyone was killed, but they do worry about property damage. The lumber companies tearing up the forests are all Kanadian. We have accepted a socio-economic structure--become slaves to it, a structure that necessitates war, destruction, overproduction, exploitation, economic depression and cultural supression. And we have become part of it. We can't say that it's not our war--because it is. And we can't say it's not our pollution because we have no more than fifteen years left on this planet. Kanadians are not impotent. The war in Asia, Africa, South America is ours as well as Amerika's. We have the power to bring the destructive genocidal aggressive war machine to a halt. And Kanada better be ready. Self-determin-ism is in complete opposition to the Amerikan way. As the crisis grows, Amerika will be forcing more shit down the throat of it's colonies. Amerika's ultimatum to Kanada is to accept and defend all Amerikan policies by 1971. We have lived under the illusion of democracy long-enough. It's time for the colonists to begin ruling them-selves.

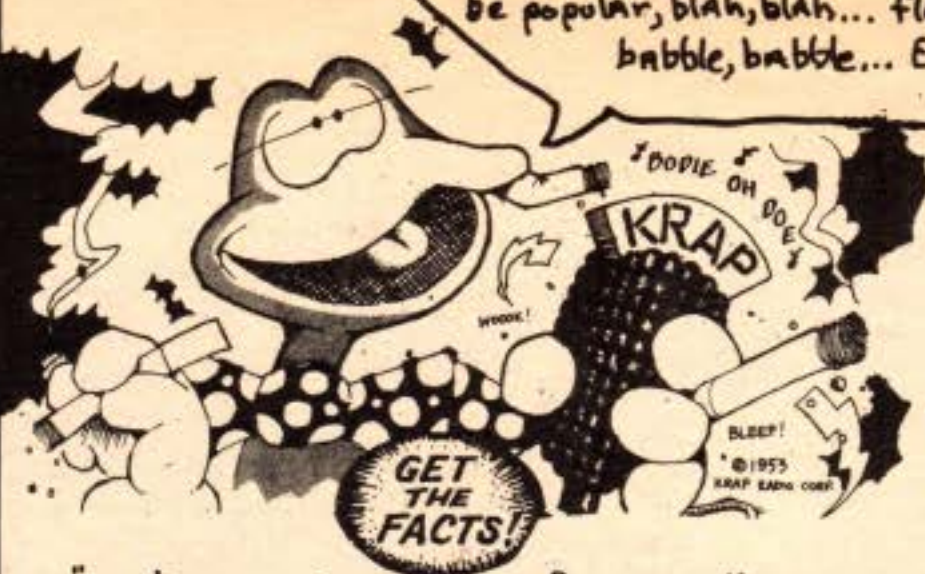


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Empty Rooms John Mayall



Yes, that's right folks!
And now... oh yes...
John Mayall... babble.. babble...
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Empty Rooms... yes, yes, buy a record...
be popular, blah, blah... flashy blues...
babble, babble... Empty Rooms...



"empty rooms is an album for more than
Mayall Freaks"
- Esperanto

Available at
The Record Cave
1238 Crescent - 1318 St. Catherine
6760 St. Hubert



prison letter

Dear Brother,

I am beginning to know the meaning of the revolution. It is the desire for ecstasy and I think only desperation can produce it. Those who are willing to yield every last privilege, who drive themselves to the limits of desperation will make the revolution. The problem with the "power of love" is that despite its once hip notions, its tied to traditional definitions of brotherhood and pantheism. I don't speak for that definition as it applied in the past though I very much suspect it. We must move to a place beyond all known issues. For us, now, it is a terrifying plunge. It may be easier if there is a humanity to come -- but that's not our motive. What we want is salvation from a meaningless annihilation. To not be cremated for coca cola and plastic flags in waving simulation on the moon. To want that today in Amerika is to be very desperate. Menken and Miller could laugh at Amerika 30 years ago. Sardonism sometimes passes being a bourgeois past-time. It is in "the field of criminology." Can you imagine even Lenny Bruce today?

It's not insignificant that the only issue the white left has come up with is a regeneration of occultism. It's the hallmark of our desperation that's why Che and Mao are our heroes. Che was not fighting Yanqui imperialism. He was desperate for meaning in a world of expediency. I don't mean to say that 3rd world issues can't provide clues for salvation. To the extent that they strive for a DEFINITE MORTALITY and the dignity of the human relationship to

labour they ARE salvation. The venceremos brigade would have been far less popular if instead of cutting sugar the folks were asked to program computers no matter what the product of those computers might be.

Imagine the rehabilitating effect of that! From the muslims I am learning to fast and control my own body. From reading Thoreau and some of the eastern teachings I can live on much less than even prison allows. I drive my body to extreme exercises till my temples pound. And I am tripping all the time. Not with the frenzy of acid but with the confidence of my liberation from superficialities.

PRISON LIFE -- DARK

Prison is a microcosm of Amerika circa 1950. As I have told you, the real punishment prison represents to me is this frustration of having to start all over again, to forget the moments of genuine communion I felt in the past couple of years. I have returned to old solitary thoughts. Faulkner and Thoreau are my confidants. It's a matter of survival.

I have been informed I am placed in isolation after my escape try because I made statements to the effect that I would kill myself. I don't know if any statements got around but I assure all the only thing I know that's killing itself is the good old Amerikan way of life. And many of us are preparing a great celebration of that event.

Give my love to all and I'll write Richard next week.

Sam Melville

SACCO & VANZETTI

The story of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti is an old one to us now. As they were railroaded out of a fair trial by Amerika, so were Bobby Seale, the Conspiracy 7, Huey Newton, New York 21, and other black panthers, white panthers and oppressed. To avenge their names and all the oppressed people in Amerika, we, the people declare total revolution on the present system.

REMEMBER SACCO AND VANZETTI!

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

THE WEATHER
Fair and slightly warmer today and tomorrow; moderate winds.
Temperature: maximum 75, minimum 60.
60°-70° weather report see Page 45.

VOL. LXXVI...No. 26,394

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1927.

TWO CENTS

SACCO AND VANZETTI GUILTY, SAYS FULLER, AND MUST DIE; BAY STATE GOVERNOR UPHOLDS JURY, CALLS TRIAL FAIR; HIS BOARD OF PRISONERS EXECUTION OF PAIR SET FOR AUG. 1

MESSAGES OF REGRET STRONG DESIRE AS DEBATE OVER

PRESIDENT KEEPS SILENT

From
FACING THE CHAIR
(Story of the Americanization of Two Foreign Born Workmen)

by John Doe Pearson

Published by:

Sacco-Vanzetti
Defense Committee

Boston, Mass., 1927

The evening of May 24, 1920, Nicola Sacco, an Italian, working as a laborer in a shoe factory, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, also an Italian, a fish peddler, were arrested in a streetcar in Braintree, Massachusetts. The two men were known as radicals and were active in Italian working class organizations in the vicinity of Boston. In Sacco's pocket at the time of his arrest was a draft of a handbill calling a meeting to protest against the illegal imprisonment and possible murder of Salcedo by agents of the Department of Justice. Salcedo was the anarchist printer whose body was found smashed on the pavement of Park Row under the windows of the New York office of the Department of Justice, where he and his friend Elia had been held without warrant for eight weeks of the third degree. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested when arrested and had when questioned about their friends and associates. It came out later that they had been trying to get the Overland car of a man named Boda out of a garage in order to go about the country to their friends' houses warning them of a new series of red raids they had been tipped off to expect. At the same time they were collecting radical newspapers and any literature that might seem suspicious to the police. They were arrested, because the garage-owner phoned the police, having been warned to notify them of the movements of any Italians who owned automobiles. A couple of weeks before, the afternoon of April 15, a peculiarly impudent and brutal crime had been committed in South Braintree, a nearby town, the climax of a long series of

holdups and burglaries. Shortly after midnight a paymaster and his guard in the center of the town had escaped in a Buick touring car with over fifteen thousand dollars in cash. It was generally rumored that the bandits were most of them Italians. The police had made a great fuss but found no clue to the identity of the murderers. Public feeling was bitter and critical. A victim had to be found. To prove the murderers to have been reds would please everybody. So first Vanzetti was taken over to Plymouth and tried as one of the men who had attempted to hold up a paymaster in Bridgewater early in the morning of the previous Christmas Eve. He was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. Plymouth is named by the largest cardage works in the world. Several years before Vanzetti had been active in a successful strike against the Cardage. Then he was taken to Dedham and tried with Sacco for the murder of the paymaster and his guard killed in South Braintree. After a stormy trial they were convicted of murder in the first degree. Since then sentence has been stayed by a series of motions for a new trial. One appeal to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has been refused and another is pending.

All over the world people are hopefully, heartbrokenly watching the Sacco-Vanzetti Case as a focus in the wending fight for human rights of oppressed individuals and masses against oppressing individuals and masses.

He sketches the Crime of which Sacco and Vanzetti were accused. Reviews the Trial in Detail and Concludes by Declaring the Verdict Right and the Men Guilty as Charged.

From a well known...
BOSTON, Thursday, Aug. 3.—Gardner Jackson, Chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, issued the following statement at 1:30 o'clock this morning.
"The decision of the Governor was...

From a well known...
BOSTON, Aug. 3.—That it is now and Bartolomeo Vanzetti guilty of the second murder robbery at South Braintree on 24, 1920, for which they have been sentenced to the electric chair...

DECISION LATE AT N

State Executive By
the Original Verdict
in Famous Case.

POSITIVE IN CONVIC

Three Questions Involved in
Case as He Sees It, and
Answers Them Fully.

PRISONERS NOT YET

Warden Decides It Inadvisable
to Inform Them of Doom
Until Today.

COOLIDGE STAND

MUCH TALK OF CANDIDATES

FINAL MEETING SET FOR THIS AFTERNOON

Politicians at Rapid City See

Fifty Representative Stocks
Decline—Most of Losses Are

London Held Firmly

"Everything I
do gonna be
funk from NOW
ON."

- Mario Labonza

It's Daily Planet.

Weather Report:

Cloudy and very
hot, high and low
pressure systems on
a collision course,
imminent electrical
storms.

Outlook: Not very
bright.

Washington smoke-in.

We sent our street fightin' correspondents, Nuckieberry, to Washington D.C. to join the March-in/Trash-in in Amerika's capital city. Because of all the news blackouts in Amerika and Canada, we called in this special, exclusive report which we taped. Here is the transcription of that tape. Sunday noon, July 8th.

"Yeah, well this is kinda brief notes, you can make it into your whole thing. I got there at about 2:00 in the afternoon and there was a big march-in, and there were about 3,000 joints and everyone was wiped. And there were a lot of honkies, a lot of freaks. The freaks are really ready for the revolution; they're really all together.

A lot of freaks and honkies and shit and flag waving Amerikans. Bob Hope was having a show there, singing all this bullshit--Amerika's the greatest country and shit like this. Freaks kept drowning them out all the time. A lot of freaks--a lot of flag-wavers and a lot of flag burners. Good people were burning every flag they saw. The freaks liberated three ice cream trucks, took over the ice cream trucks and started passing out free ice cream. And the pigs come in, swinging with their clubs and the freaks surrounded the pigs, there were about 15 pigs, and we were shouting and shootin' rocks and bottles and shit. All the honkies rushed to protect the pigs, but the freaks were surrounding them, the pigs had to really run fast, and then they shot tear gas. All this was happening while Bob Hope was saying what a free country Amerika is. Shit like that. Pepper gas, CS gas thrown and dispersed everybody. All the honkies got gassed too. So you come to honor Amerika day and you get gassed.

There's a lot of freaks here talking about using machine guns, how to use them, and you know like demonstrating how to use them. Like that.

Uh. Let's see. These are my notes, I've got them on a sheet of paper. Let's see.

Hope's show was drowned out to the cries of 'FREE BOBBY SEALE', 'WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR', 'EAT SHIT', 'FUCK YOU, BOB HOPE', and shit like that. All the freaks completely drowned out Hope and the honkies when they tried to clap. The pigs came in with gas again, rocks were thrown at them and shit like that. Flags and fires were burned.

And, us, all the kapitalist honkies are selling flags and everything like that for a real high price. Selling all this bullshit, you know, for money and stuff like that.

All the freaks are gathered together, burnin' flags and everything like that, fires, fires--and a bunch of honkies would try to get in and tear the flags away. And they'd get really trashed beaten up and the whole trip.

There, like a whole line of pigs, 200 pigs, then there are like about 50 honkies in between the pigs then facing them--maybe 50 John Birch

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE

THE FRONT -- "There's something happenin' here, what it is I ain't exactly sure." --the Buffalo Springfield.

- May 24 - the Board of Trade Building--exploded.
- May 28 - the Canadian General Electric Plant--exploded.
- May 28 - Queen Mary Veteran's Hospital--exploded.
- May 31 - 7 various Westmont bastions of a peculiar semi-sub-cult, 3 in honky--6 exploded, 2 dismantled.
- June 5 - Club Canadian--exploded.
- June 16- McGill University engineering faculty--exploded.
- June 16- IBM Canada Ltd. (two 5 1/2 pound bombs)--dismantled.
- June 16- Domet Research Centre in Senneville--dismantled (with thousands of gallons of highly explosive chemical at stake.)
- June 18- Longueville post office--exploded.
- June 19- the Outremont home of honky financier, Jean-Louis Lévesque--exploded.
- June 21- the Montreal 6 are busted.
- June 22- 3:00 a.m., 3 hours after the above--a bank in Tracy, Quebec--exploded.
- June 22- McGill University, Leacock building--dismantled.

ted. (This incident was not reported by the straight press, and one wonders how many other bombing incidents, dismantled or exploded, have gone unreported in the past month by the straight media. Censorship?)

- June 24- Ottawa (Canada's capital) Ontario--defence headquarters, Block 8 communications centre--exploded--1 person killed, 3 injured (which is tame considering the thousands of Third World genocide victims around the world.)
- June 24- Louisville post office--exploded.

McGill University vice-president Robert F. Shaw said it, "Is there anything new to say about a bomb going off in Montreal? I don't like it. It's a sad thing that some people have twisted brains, and we should hand them over to psychiatrists."

Well Bob...It can't be all that bad. I mean, it's a tough world and all that, but somehow I know you'll pull through. You know what they say--you can't fight progress, or can you? --or in Amerika--my planet, right or wrong, like it or leave it. In a world such as ours, full of twisted brains and demented minds, the only way to keep your sanity these days is to act naturally--let it all hang out--ALL OF IT!!!



BLACKOUT.

Hippies, giving the peace sign and everything through the whole thing. Then there is a whole big crowd of freaks shootin' rocks and bottles and chargin' at them with sticks. Then behind that were all these honkies waving their flags. A real polarization.

There are supposed to be like 400,000 people here. I wouldn't know how many freaks are here, but quite a lot of freaks. Even the Nazi's are here passing out pamphlets against Jews and Blacks. The Nazi's are going to have a demonstration today. It should be pretty far out, there's so many blacks here.

I didn't see any arrests. A lot of dope, ha, and a lot of spade cats, and about ten pigs got really well trashed.

Oh yeah, when we split the whole place was tear gassed. I gotta get outta this phone booth hole. Anything you people want up there?"

There's no news in Amerika. Not according to the straight press anyway. A great news blackout seems to be growing across the nation. A riot recently in the black ghetto of Buffalo went unreported, even to Buffalo residents. In Augusta, Georgia, sniping of the National Guard and return fire from them is a daily occurrence going unreported. Plainfield, New Jersey is having trouble keeping their Police chiefs because getting shot at. A chick in Chicago was stabbed in the throat by a National Guard bayonet and no one heard about this either. Trouble on the west coast, such as the Police riots in Santa Barbara are never reported in the east coast papers. And riots in the Baltimore ghetto don't get reported anymore. A lot of news like this, we pick up from people travelling through town. As the war grows more open, Amerika will have to do more to fascist state it is, and the revolution it has borne within it. We can only hope they continue to permit travelling.

Californian War.

Ronald Reagan is beginning to demonstrate what he meant by a bloodbath. For the last week his war on student activists has been waged openly in the streets of Santa Barbara and in the University of California campus there.

Reacting to the indictments of 17 activists for burning the Bank of Amerika building (some of whom were in jail at the time of the indictment), hundreds of people, mostly organized in small groups, battled 300 heavily-armed highway patrolmen and county police for several nights, building barricades of burning cars and staging hit-and-run raids of the newly-built temporary branch of the bank and on several notorious rip-off real estate companies in downtown Isla Vista.

Frustrated by the demonstrators' tactics and the overwhelming hostility of the entire community, the pigs have proceeded to terrorize the entire area in the last few days with the use of a 7:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. curfew, large amounts of tear gas and pepper gas, and constant invasions of dormitories and private homes to beat and arrest the inhabitants.

On the evening of June 9, the police responded to the resistance of small roving bands of young people setting up barricades with abandoned cars by gassing the whole town of Isla Vista, including several large college dormitories. In one dormitory, cops climbed to the seventh floor to arrest nine people who they claimed were using slingshots to hurl stones and pellets at them.

A non-violent sit-in was called for the next day, in opposition to the curfew. The Police busted 350 of the 2,000 peacefully including several full professors, then got tired of the peaceful charade and attacked, raining pepper gas on the fleeing crowd.

For the rest of the night--the fifth night in a row--the Santa Barbara area was the scene of a police riot, more widespread and brutal than any in California before. Scores of people were dragged out of their houses, beaten, and added to Santa Barbara's already bulging jail population (almost 1,000 arrested in the last five days). A San Francisco Chronicle reporter saw police attacking women students in back of their dorm near the UCSB campus. He reports that the pigs were "kicking the girls in the groin repeatedly" and beating them with clubs. Another Chronicle reporter saw an elderly man beaten up by cops on the lawn of his own house as his daughter stood and screamed for the police to stop.

A pre-med student at the University, whose attendance at the rally in Perfect Park earlier was his first demonstration, told about the situation in the campus area:

"You can look out the window . . . They (the police) shine their searchlights in the window. If they see you, they'll come in. We have to hide behind the curtains. . . There are helicopters all over the place. . . Last night they busted into rooms and dragged people out. They haven't hit us yet. You just don't know when. . . My father asked, 'Why don't you just come home,' but I can't see what good that would be. I'm not a violent person. . . but you've got to take a stand. I decided to take a stand tonight. You can't imagine what's going on, I've seen it and I am radicalized."

alternative media conference

A gathering of media people was held recently at Goddard College, Vt. All sorts of people there. Like Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, Baba Ram Dass. People from underground radio and newspapers. People of all sorts of backgrounds. Sometimes there was chaos. Occasionally some real together raps. Its hard to say if anything was accomplished. It was good in the country.

"Brothers and sisters. We came here to struggle together, not to fight." Jim Fouratt.



Wednesday

The Yahoos were out in force. The revolutionaries came prepared for a joining of forces, not a repetition of the verbal bullshit that followed Chicago. But the first night began with a workshop held jointly by Bob Fass of community owned WBAI, New York and John Schules, whose main concern right now is to get Timothy Leary out of the can and onto the street. As I sat down, someone passed me a joint of grass from Oaxaca, which was incredible. About 200 people showed up for the workshop.

John began: Tim Leary is in jail.
Interjection: Bobby Seale is in jail.
John: Bobby Seale is in jail.
Interjection: John Sinclair is in jail.
John: John Sinclair is in jail.
Inter.: Huey Newton is in jail.
John: Huey Newton is in jail.
Inter: Linda Evans is in jail.
John: Amerika is in jail.
Bob Fass stood up and started to speak. One of his cohorts from WBAI turned on a tape recorder, playing music, very loud. Bob asked that the tape be made louder so he could have something to shout over. The tape became louder, Bob became unlistenable. All you could hear was a voice shouting louder.

Interjection: Shut the fucking thing off. I came here to discuss Free Enterprise and the Alternate Media.

The interjector surely had read the program correctly, but the confusion was so total that if you sat more than three feet away, your perspective was indeed a totally different reality. The interjector screamed that the fucking thing be turned off again.



A discussion began over content.

Doug Fringle: It doesn't matter what you say as long as you make people feel good. He made people feel good. They applauded, but as usual he didn't say a thing. Nonetheless, the discussion became more serious to the point that when the tape recorder started again, everybody yelled to shut it off.

That was the opening of the Alternate Media Conference. It should be pointed out that medium is a substance in which a culture grows. The medium, however, doesn't change except in the fact that it helps the culture grow by providing nourishment. It doesn't drain anything. In fact, it gives life to something which would otherwise remain stagnant. That is the function of a medium. The conference focused mainly on "underground" radio, but also related a little bit to



newspapers, television and records. But the substance was radio; that is the medium, and the living form is Alternate Culture. The media are responsible to the culture, and not the other way around. The culture, however, is responsible to the people who makes it. Not the radio and television.

The registration fee was \$30. If you had it, you paid. If you didn't, it was cool. Nobody was hassled. Whether you paid it or not, you got a room, if you wanted. If you wanted to sleep outside, the Hog Farmers provided services on the campsite. Everybody was fed. Goddard College acted as Mother Host.



When I first arrived at Goddard, it was Wednesday afternoon. As we went to the Alternate Media Office, Baba Ram Dass sat out on the grass and delivered the religious invocation. Many of the people who listened seemed to be troubled. One asked "can you fight fascism with grace?", Ram Dass answered "Yes" but it seemed that he should have said more. He rapped about getting high, and letting everything turn you on, and that now he had decided to return to the east, to get his batteries recharged.

Sleeping out in the clean air of the Vermont mountains was very unsettling to me. I awoke at 8 a.m. even though I only went to sleep three hours earlier.



Thursday. I checked out the program and found a workshop entitled The World and The Mass Media led by Ken Wibeck. Ken, it turned out, was a staff member of Goddard, black, and he began the meeting with a warning: I see a lot of the word spade in the underground press, and I want everyone in this room to know that if they call me a spade, I'm gonna punch you out because to me, spade means the same thing as nigger.

On the stage that afternoon was a group called A Southern Conspiracy, which sounded very much like Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, except that Conspiracy's material sounded fresher, more alive, and truer. A flier was handed out telling the audience that their album is soon to be released. I hope that it comes very soon.

In the evening a workshop on Free form and progressive programming gathered together representatives from various radio stations, including a network of underground stations owned by ABC, called, appropriately enough, ABC Love.

Friday morning, John Schules held a workshop dealing with Timothy Leary. He spoke of an On Conspiracy to be held when Tim goes on trial. This action will be co-ordinated by concerned FM underground stations. For more information, contact your local FM underground station.



Yippie

PURPLE



ALL RIGHT NOW WE'VE LANDED AND ALL AT THE GONGS ON IN THIS COMIC BUT IS THIS ALL THERE IS? IS THERE NO MORE PERVIOUS MANNER?

...you can do anything this time around...
you can sit in jail this time around...

-Timothy Leary

there's funky people
and
there's other people
if you're not one of the other,
you're invited to
THE THIRD WEDDING
of Montreal Amy & Espenato Alvarez
* free food, wine, and reds *



to take place on the mountain
July 21st
Bishop George Whitney, Universal Life Church
Security by Dimitrie Trad of the
Russian Fuchers
Performing Live -> The Greatful Dead
Beginning 2 p.m.

we're spinnin' boots
just in case

Arcmtl scan 2015



The evening ended, for me, with a trip to Barre, Vermont for Dunkin' Donuts. When we returned, very tired, we walked across the campus and heard in the background Dr. John. We went to sleep. But Dr. John's performance must have been very good, because when I awoke Saturday morning, I couldn't find any of the three scheduled workshops. It seemed that everybody had slept in. Somehow, Dunkin' Donuts weren't really worth it.

Saturday. Comics and Mass Consciousness, with Harvey Kurtzman (Playboy) and Gilbert Shelton (Furry Freak Brothers).

To say that while this was going on that people were fucking on the floor, would add colour, but most people regarded the fucking as a useless distraction.

John held his workshop in the midst of the Hog Farmers patch. As he spoke, Sunshine Wine was being passed around, and all that seemed to be missing was the Merry Pranksters and the Grateful Dead. But maybe it was better that they weren't there. If they had come, the conference would have been retitled Woodstock II with only the press there.

In the afternoon, a general meeting, of sorts, was held and everybody who wanted to, spoke.



If the alternate culture is to survive and grow, we must protect the Alternate Media. People from Washington, Boston, and Montréal have reported difficulties in sustaining themselves. But that doesn't mean that you must support them, no matter what. It does mean that the media must support you.

The underground media like anything else in our society must be corrected when wrong, and must be made aware of the differences between ourselves. That was the purpose of the conference. The revolutionaries told the media freaks where they thought they were at. But the media freaks took it as an affront, and wrote off the revolutionaries as being impossible.



That evening, Jerry Witherspoon, the "president" of Goddard College held a workshop in Education and The Alternate Media. Certainly, one could say that Goddard is the epitome of a liberal institution. All the political rhetoric fits. It takes energy from the street and puts it into the library but those at Goddard are very sensitive to this criticism, and truly want to change the college, to an energy center, giving out the vibrations of thought patterns that will alter society. Goddard is in a state of constant metamorphosis, affected by what is said about it. Some who came to the conference would prefer to destroy liberal institutions because they drain too much energy from the revolution. It's too simple to say they are wrong. But it would be a mistake to think only in terms of absolutes. If anything, Goddard is trying very hard to be part of the solution, and so far it seems, that they are going to be successful.



HEY, REAL MEN, GET A LOAD OF THIS !!!



There is no animosity in disagreement. There is always something that we don't know. It is too bad that some of the underground radio people in Montréal reacted with hostility towards the revolutionaries. This was shown on the air, when they returned, and at the conference, by the fact that they were not present at most workshops.

Everyone should realize that there is something to learn for a revolution, and that's exactly what's going on at the meeting.



THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS START THEIR OWN RADIO STATION



END

fuck 'em if they can't take a joke

"They all go naked as their mothers bore them, and the women also, although I saw only one very young girl," reported Christopher Columbus in his journal for October 12, 1492, after making his landfall in the West Indies. "Some of them paint their faces, and some their whole bodies, some only the nose. They do not bear arms or know them, for I showed them swords and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance."

Columbus was certain that he had arrived at an island off the mainland of Asia, or even in the fabled Indies themselves. The name he gave these people, Indians, has remained in use to this day. Among themselves, of course, the American Indians had no name to distinguish their race from any other.

As the Spanish explorers probed the contorted shoreline of the North American continent, and finally penetrated inland, they were bewildered by the great variety in the Indian societies they encountered. In the West Indies and in the Southeast, most Indian groups lived under the rule of powerful chiefs. When Cortés conquered Mexico he came into contact with a glittering culture and elaborate systems of government that much resembled those found in Europe. As Coronado's expedition of 1540-42 pressed northward into the Southwest and the high plains, eventually reaching Kansas, still other kinds of Indian societies were encountered, small bands of impoverished hunters in northern Mexico; Pueblo Indians living as tribes in large and compact villages; semi-nomadic bison hunters.

The Spaniards observed the diversity of customs, laws, beliefs, tools, and crafts between neighboring Indians groups, as well as the resemblances between widely separated ones; and the Spaniards

did not know how to explain what they saw. Some Indian groups produced sophisticated art, irrigated their fields by an extensive system of canals, lived in permanent villages, and performed elaborate ceremonies, whereas others merely wandered about in bands no larger than a family, collected whatever food was available whether grasshoppers or lizards, produced no art, and had hardly any ceremonials at all. One group appeared remarkably democratic, whereas another had a rigid system of classes based on wealth. A few groups were leaderless; some paid attention to a headman; other groups appointed temporary leaders, and still others carried a semi-divine chief around on a litter.

Here, in the Indian societies, was the experimental evidence by which man might be explained as a social being—his complex relations with other men and with the environment itself, his political and social institutions, his religious systems and legal codes, his often strange ways of behaving, and his apparently curious customs. The perplexing problems that have bewildered thinkers since the earliest human speculated about himself might find an answer in the living laboratory of North America. And that is exactly what has happened. The evolution of the Indians' culture has shown that human societies around the world are something more than patchworks or haphazard and products of history. The study of the tribal organization of the Iroquois, for example, gives hints about the ancient Hebrews at the period when they, too, were organized as tribes. What is now known about the total power of the Aztec state tells modern man much about why the Assyrians acted the way they did. The varying responses of the North American Indians to the invading Whites shed light on today's questions about colonialism in Africa and Asia, and its aftermath.

The alternative culture we are developing, contains many structures similar to those the Indians had. Our values and concepts of life are strikingly similar. As we move towards a radically free society, it becomes increasingly important to be aware of past social structures and how they developed and functioned.

The absence among the Eskimo and other primitive peoples of our conventional concepts of property has been the source of some theories that communism is a basic condition of mankind. But do the facts really warrant such a conclusion? The Eskimo have two kinds of property. The natural resources on which the band depends—the rivers filled with fish, the tundra where the caribou feed, the shores of the sea in which seals live—are communal and are open to use by all members of the band. Personal property consists of things made by individuals: weapons, tools, ornaments, fetishes, and so forth. These items are not really private property, because they belong not to the individual himself but to his role in Eskimo society. It is preposterous that an Eskimo woman, who has a specific role in society, should own a harpoon, even though she may have been foolish enough to devote her energies to making one. Nor is the concept of personal ownership very far-reaching: It is unthinkable that one Eskimo should possess two harpoons while a less fortunate kinsman lacks even one.

The cultures of the American Indians is a culture based upon the American continent. They lived close to the land and lived as if they were aware of their interdependence with the earth and each other. There is much we know that they didn't. There is much more that they knew than we could conceive of.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE INDIANS

Gathering Sat ST CROIX

aug
7, 8, 9th

MUSICAL PROGRAM:

JOE COCKER
LED ZEPPELIN
JETHRO TULL
10 YEARS AFTER
DR. JOHN
GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
TOE FAT

JOHNNY WINTER
DOUG KERSHAW
MICHEL PAGLIARO
CLAUDE GAUTHIER
CACTUS
POCO
JOHN SEBASTIAN

PIG IRON
LITTLE RICHARD
ROBERT CHARLEBOIS
DONALD LAUTREC
NOUVELLE FRONTIERE
WILLIE LAMOTHE
LES BEL-AIR

STEVE Fiset
ALLMAN BROS.
LES McCANN
BDDIE HARRIS
MUDDY WATERS
CANNED HEAT

AND MANY MORE...

TICKETS:

In Montréal tickets are available at all MIRACLE MARTS, ALL SIMPSON'S, BOUTIQUE POUR ELLE, CORBEIL ON PLAZA ST. HUBERT ST., CARAVAN STEREO, STEVE'S PLACE, AUDIOPHILE, AND ALL T.R.S. outlets. ALSO ALL ALEX SHERMAN'S RECORD SHOPS. In addition, many additional outlets are presently being arranged.

UNITED STATES:- ALL SEARS-ROEBUCK STORES throughout the United States and all TICKETRON and T.R.S. outlets from New York to California.

TICKETS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FROM MAGNUM SOLART LTD., 50 PLACE CREMAZIE, SUITE 203, and can be purchased by mail order or in person. Any inquiries on tickets should be addressed to Mrs. Yolande LaHaise or Mr. Reg Scullion at: 384-5670.

The special sale price (pre-sale) as lower than any festival ever held. \$12.00 which is \$4.00 per day. THE GATE PRICE IS \$20.00.

Letter from Sherwood Forest

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Back again and doing all I can. Living off the fat of the land. Woke up in a strange part of the forest this morning and had to make a long distance call on one dime. Found two phones standing next to each other and two dimes in my pocket. Placed a dime in each phone and called the operator on one to find cost of call. Was explained that cost was sixty cents. Put mouthpiece of other phone next to receiver of first. Deposited proper coins. Call went through, as operator only listens to tones made by dropping coins, not to which phone the money is deposited in. Did my rap and pressed coin return and got all my money back. Also discovered that if you speak very calmly, you may charge calls to another number without being checked.

Made it back to the tribe. Found everyone enjoying cigarettes obtained by writing letter to cigarette manufacturers and complaining that we bought a carton of cigarettes that fell apart as we went to light them. Smoked leisurely, listening to record club records.

Found Maid Marion in the kitchen preparing a big feast for the evening. She obtained the food by explaining to food companies that she was a housewife and had moved into a new neighborhood where she couldn't find her favorite brand that she had been buying and using for years. Her children loved it, she added. She was also dressed today in a stunning Indian cape, which was at one time hanging on a rack in a clothing store downtown. The bill for the cape was sent to the name she signed, at the address she invented and the store politely wrapped it up and gave it to her right there.

Brother Little John had just come back from a long voyage. His return trip was by air and of course, free.

street fighting man

If any brothers or sisters are venturing into the heart of Amerikanada to fight for our existence be prepared and together. Here in Montréal, even though the pigs don't use tear gas, they come down heavy with clubs. Québec pigs are heavy and frequent tear gas. Vancouver pigs fight dirty so be prepared!

When the fighting starts keep a clear head at all times. When they start gassing, walk quickly--don't run. If you are close to the tear gas, go in the direction where the gas came from. The gas will flow over you and you will be out of the line of fire.

What does a street fighting man wear when out? Recommended are long shirts with high collars and tight cuffs to protect against gas. Belts came in handy as a tourniquet or a weapon. Trashing boots come in all

His tale was he hitched to the airport and went over to the small hanger where the private pilots and their private planes hung out, and asked around for a lift back home. Before long he had received offers to fly to every city within a 500 mile vicinity, as most pilots are really willing to turn people on to flying. One word of caution is to pin your hair back in a bun or stick it under a hat.

Gained postal assistance to my survival fund. Any rip-off, scheme, etc. done by mail can be repeated under a different name at a different address. Then give forwarding card to post office and have it sent home. When bills come, give post office a new forwarding card.

For free mail, write your own address on the front of the envelope and the address of the person who is to receive the letter at the return address. Use no stamps and the mail will be sent back to the return address.

One final word, dear brothers and sisters. We live in the forest and thusly have to pay no rent. For many reasons, most people can't make that trip and are thus burdened with weekly or monthly bills so they may continue to have a roof over their heads. We find this the most serious rip off, whether at the hand of some monster real estate like Concordia or DesRosiers, or some little slum landlord who owns merely a handful of tenements. If you have ANY rent problems, call us and we will move in with you until the problem is cleared up. The revolution is survival.

Looking forward to the
depression. Love,

Robin Yippie.

CARPE DIEM!

assorted sizes, starting with a heavy-soled construction type. Never wear sandals cause you don't have the maximum capability to run and kick. Besides the weather and pollution, crash helmets and ski goggles aid in the prevention of inestimable brain damage.

Jewelry, false teeth and beads have no place on the streets. To release the best effect, travel in affinity groups of 5 or 6 heads. This is small enough for everyone to watch out for each other and trash effectively. Everyone should have either a wet cloth or a gas mask. At least one person should have a first aid kit. This should consist of 4x4 gauze pads, a roll of adhesive tape, band aids, and canteen of water.

If you are gassed, pour water over your face for 5 minutes, keep blinking and shake your head in the wind. Then go back and fight! After the fighting it is advised to take a shower to wash off all the tear gas.

GAS AND MACE--BE PREPARED

CS (strong) Tear Gas

This comes in various containers, plastic grenades, pepper fog machines, and can be sprayed from helicopters and cars. Some cans are made to blow up in your hand if you try to pick em up. As the gas takes effect you feel a harrassing sting, nausea, tears, running nose, coughing and sneezing. For treatment, irrigate eyes with water then treat skin with mineral oil on gauze pad or cotton ball. For protection a rubber gas mask is best or surgical mask (bought at any drug store) with a 4x4 gauze soaked in vinegar or water. Don't rub your eyes if gassed and don't wash with soap.

NAUSEA GAS

This type comes in canisters, when it lands, lets off a puff of smoke and then...nothing. It looks like a dud but it's not. It's colourless, odourless and very dangerous. The symptoms are vomiting constantly, instant diarrhea and severe stomach cramps. Upsets mind balance with pain and heat sensations in lungs. To treat, take off any gas mask as the gas is absorbed in the skin and with a mask on you can choke to death in your own puke. For protection run like hell in the opposite direction.

BLISTER GAS

This white powder comes in cans. You feel blistering immediately or within 48 hours similar to 2nd degree burns. Wrap in gauze, keep air out. See a doctor. For protection, cover whole body with clothing.

MACE

This is not a gas and not a crowd control device. It is used against select individuals by the pigs. You feel severe pain in the eyes, blindness, burning of exposed areas and can cause convulsions. To treat, rinse eyes with water for 15 minutes. Protection--ski eye goggles, also vaseline can be put on before exposure but it must be wiped off immediately after being maced. RIGHT ON! POWER TO THE PEOPLE! OFF THE PIGS!

"The time is right for fighting in the streets."

--Mick Jagger



"Aurora Musicalo," as we call it, is a live, improvised visual experience, with six live, performing light artists, a couple of dozen projectors and our own tricky light machines, a screen big enough to get lost in, and a mixture of beautiful sounds, from Beatles to Grateful Dead, Bach to Hendrix and anything else that seems nice at the time. It's good for your head.

A unique bit of cultural exchange, unprecedented and unnoticed, brings a breath of the Lower East Side (up against the walls) to Montreal.

The resident light show from the Fillmore East (far out!) is performing on a twenty - by fifty-foot screen with a big sound system (trippeee!) creating mind-blowing esoterica (can you dig it?).

Seventy cents pays for our spare light bulbs and gets you about half an hour of the fabulous visual improvisations that bent minds behind Janis Joplin, the Who, the Band, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead (Oh Wowww!), Santana, Joe Cocker (far fucking out), Chicago, Delaney and Bonny, Country Joe and the Fish, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jimi Hendrix, Traffic, Jethro Tull, John Mayall, the Chambers Brothers, Ten Years After, Mountain, Grand Funk Railroad, Procul Harum, the Doors, Ike and Tina Turner, Sam and Dave, Ray Charles, B.B. King, Johnny Winter (the white flame ignited by black blues), Blue Cheer (yeah!), Iron Butterfly, Mongo Santamaria, Blood Sweat and Tears (the sound of the big city), Paul Butterfield, Savoy Brown, Arthur Brown, Dr. John, Dr. Brown (Cel! Ray! Tonic!), Reuben and the Jets, Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys, Taj Mahal, Miles Davis, Moody Blues, Stuie and the Truckfuckers, John Ford Nasnan III and lots of other far-out people.

Get it together and come out to La Ronde - Joe's Lights includes former members of the Joshua Light Show ("Music to your eyes": Associated Press), ("Simply terrible": Village Voice) with a little help from our friends. We opened the Fillmore, and we've performed at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Cologne, Paris, London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Minneola, the Newport Jazz Festival, Tanglewood and Woodstock (outsite). We also supplied visual effects for Midnight Cowboy. If all that doesn't impress you, come anyway. What can we say Aurora Musicalo! Joe's Lights, the far-out light show from the Fillmore East!

La Ronde!

Seventy Cents!

PEACE!

It's just a shot away

"It is impossible for the urban guerilla to exist and survive without fighting to expropriate."

-Carlos Marighella
Brazilian Revolutionary,
murdered Nov 4th, 1969

As we develop our capacity for freedom and our understanding of the expansion of oppression in Quebec, it becomes increasingly more important that we begin now to take steps to stop the pig in his tracks. Individually and collectively we already have the power to fuck with Pigamerika's maintenance of repression and control as we see it defined in Canadian terms. We must begin now by doing what is available to us. To take the initiative to attack the beast--if only as mosquitoes--but attack, suck what we can of the pig and ultimately bleed it to death. We eat the pig--expropriation.

Through the expropriation of capitalist commodities and resources, we build our strength--we use the weight of the pig against him. Through a creative rechannelling of the fat of the pig, we use technology to minimize our struggle and at the same time begin to develop a liberated social economy.

A regime flourishing from the exploitation of large masses of its peoples is doomed to be destroyed. Both morally and historically, it must be destroyed. All crimes against capitalists, latifundists, and imperialists are justified in these terms. Expropriation is a radical peoples response to exploitation. Eating the pig is the hungry man's response to the pig.

Ripping off a record, stealing a watermelon, not paying utility bills, tearing down a fence, trashing the windows of a car or building, looting, use of incendiary bombs, blowing up bridges, attacking banks, liquidating honkies and others

dedicated to repression, kidnapping large industries--ripping off, ransoming, trashing--this is what is meant by eating the pig, offing the exploiters. We can all do it--most of us already do it in some ways. and don't realize it.

It's becoming increasingly more difficult to transcend; whether through western occultism, eastern mysticism, or country living--not with what's been happening to our brothers and sisters throughout the world. Not with those visionary realizations, however vague they may seem now, of what could be happening.

Becoming aware of the potentials of our environment has developed in many of us a desire to morally respond to our society--this has made us criminals. Yet criminals who are aware of the distinction that exists between the violence of exploitation and the violence of liberation. This distinction exists, not as a justification but as a reality. And it is in the terms of this reality that our actions are now generated.

The role of expropriation to our struggle is based upon this analysis. Without expropriation it is impossible for us to survive; thus in order to survive, we must attack. Our attacks must be directed against those institutions (regardless of how small) which serve the regime of repression. Through the expropriation of their resources, we continue to function, and live for the ecstasy of that liberation we can not now even envision.

We have the power to eat the pig. We can all do something. Go out and fuck it up. Use your imagination and most important your initiative. Eat the Pig or Be His Whore!

-Esperanto Albarez



Mind-fuck

There is a new force at work in Amerika, a new tool of Revolution has been born. It's name is psychic terrorism, sometimes known as the mind fuck.

When the President went to Berkeley, it was the full-blown reality of the fascist's dream. At last every cop in the city could get deep into his cop thing. CONTROL, CONTROL, CONTROL.. SECURITY, CONTROL, SECURITY.

"Us cops are going to make things so tight that nothing can happen."

An armed command post was set up, the centre for cop control for the whole city. Computers and radios--tools for detection and tools for the cataloging of information.

Cops could let their true selves go and explore each tiny suspicion: Stop this man with the long brown package and that man with the beady eyes. Check them out--call in the information to the command post; the hub of paranoia, the heart of security, the tightest control centre of this tight town.

Everything was fine, until the cherry bomb exploded in the middle of the command post.

Like a six-year-old kid blowing your set, the message was very, very simple. Even a cop could understand. Psychic terrorism! The mind fuck!

There was a big state dinner in New York recently. Only the best of the best waiters were allowed to serve. Each of them had to qualify not only professionally, but security-wise. Nothing could go wrong. The cops were making sure this thing was TIGHT because the honored guests were the U.S. Attorney General, Quiet John Mitchell and his wife.

The pomp of the dinner began as the cream of the oppressors arrived, playing their elegant "I-can-never-be-touched-by-the-masses-of-the-dirty-little-people" game.

As the evening progressed a waiter approached the head table and, with a little flourish, placed a silver tray covered by a large silver dome before Mitchell and his wife.

The waiter quietly slipped away.

After a time Mrs. Mitchell grasped the handle of the cover and raised the lid to discover what succulent treat had been given them.

When the silver dome was lifted there sat the raw, ugly head of a dead pig, blood dripping from the corners of his mouth. It took several minutes for the Attorney General to quiet the screams of his hysterical wife.

Just another instance of psychic terrorism.

Psychic terrorism is not only fun, it's educational. If you want to learn how to blow up a police command post, what better way than a dry-run with a cherry bomb. Even if you get caught you won't get vamped on too bad.

And it says something to those gun-slinging pigs; to the cops who can't see past their club

Hello. This is Bernardine Dohrn.
 I'm going to read A DECLARATION OF A STATE OF WAR.
 This is the first communication from the Weatherman underground.
 All over the world, people fighting Amerikan imperialism look to Amerika's youth to use our strategic position behind enemy lines to join forces in the destruction of the empire.
 Black people have been fighting almost alone for years. We've known that our job is to lead white kids to armed revolution. We never intended to spend the next five or twenty-five years in jail. Ever since SDS became revolutionary, we've been trying to show how it is possible to overcome the frustration and impotence that comes from trying to reform this system. Kids know that the lines are drawn; revolution is touching all of our lives. Tens of thousands have learned that protest and marches don't do it. Revolution is the only way.
 Now we are adapting the classic guerrilla strategy of the Vietcong and the urban guerrilla strategy of the Tupamaros to our own situation here in the most technically advanced country in the world.
 Che taught us that "revolutionaries move like fish in the sea." The alienation and contempt that young people have for this country has created the ocean for this revolution.
 The hundreds and thousands of young people who demonstrated in the sixties against the war and for civil rights grew to hundreds of thousands in the past few weeks actively fighting Nixon's invasion of Cambodia and the attempted genocide against black people. The insanity of Amerikan "justice" has added to its list of atrocities six blacks killed in Augusta, two in Jackson and four white Kent State students making thousands more into revolutionaries.
 The parents of "privileged" kids have been saying for years that the revolution was a game for us. But the war and racism of this society show that it is too fucked up. We will never live peaceably under this system.
 This was totally true of those who died in the New York townhouse explosion. The third person who was killed there was Terry Robbins, who led the first rebellion at Kent State less than two years ago.
 The twelve Weathermen who were indicted for leading last October's riots in Chicago have never left the country. Terry is dead, Linda was captured by a pig informer, but the rest of us move freely in and out of every city and youth scene in this country. We're not in hiding, but we're invisible.
 There are several hundred members of the Weatherman underground and some of us face more years in jail than the 50,000 deserters and draft dodgers now in Canada. Already many of them are coming back to join us in the underground or to return to the Man's army and tear it up from inside along with those who never left.
 We fight in many ways. Dope is one of our weapons. The laws against marijuana mean that millions of us are outlaws long before we actually split. Guns and grass are united in the youth underground.
 Freaks are revolutionaries and revolutionaries are freaks. If you want to find us, this is where we are. In every tribe, commune, dormitory, farmhouse, barracks and townhouse where kids are making love, smoking dope and loading guns -- fugitives from Amerikan justice are free to go.
 For Diana Oughton, Ted Gold and Terry Robbins, and for all the revolutionaries who are still on the move here, there has been no question for a long time now -- we will never go back.
 Within the next fourteen days we will attack a symbol or institution of Amerikan injustice. This is the way we celebrate the example of Eldridge Cleaver and H. Rap Brown and all black revolutionaries who first inspired us by their fight behind enemy lines for the liberation of their people.
 Never again will they fight alone.

handles and pistol grips. It says to them that "if you can see no other alternative than violence and you force us to play it your way, then you'll lose, because we're smarter than you are, and twice as alive. If we can do it with cherry bombs, we can do it with dynamite--the choice is up to you."

The possibilities of psychic terrorism--the colossal mind fuck--have only just begun to be explored. And we have thousands of crazed, acid-propelled minds, filled with the knowledge of eons on our side.

But mind fuck doesn't have to be a big elaborate production. You can do mindfucks while walking down the street.

A lot of times when I walk down the street I get hassled by jive-assed honky punks. I don't ignore them, I pull a mindfuck on them, like grabbing them by the throat and shoving them against the wall. Usually they flip out and run off down the street. But if they start to fight back, scream rape.

Use mindfuck to screw the pig system. Put pig heads in a box, leave it in a building and then call in a bomb threat. MIND FUCK.

The alternatives are limitless and fun. But we have no illusions about Pig Amerika (Amerikanada). As John Sinclair says, "We don't have guns yet--not all of us anyway--because we have more powerful weapons...But we will use guns if we have to--we will do anything--if we have to. ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION. NOTHING IS SACRED! NO ONE IS BEYOND REPROACH!"





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